悪の組織の求人広告
新入社員採用編
1
落友名トト

悪の組織の求人広告
〜新入社員の逆襲〜
1
喜友名トト

lang="en">

The Evil Organization's Recruitment Ad - WN Chapter 01-20

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Do You Want to Change the World?

TL: The tricky thing about this one is that it switches back and forth between first and third person, which is completely fine in Japanese. To make it more coherent, some of the firsts will be turned to thirds. The MC does get better. It's quite a… peculiar piece where the developments are purposely as forceful as one would find in a super sentai show. Let me say I… don't actually expect this one to be popular. I just want to translate it.

TEORA: Do you Want to Change the World

The help wanted ad was quite a strange one.

Company Name: Metallica
Industry: World Domination
Expected Salary: A regular position 700,000¥ per month. A general position 140,000¥ a month. (TL: Around 6250.00 USD and 1250.00 USD)
Qualifications: None (But experience is appreciated)
Numbers recruiting: A few

We are an evil organization with our sights on world domination! Our bright and lively workplace is awaiting your determination!

Employment: A written exam, and an interview. (We have confirmed your completion of the preliminary examination online)

An examination date and meeting place were kindly laid out.

"… The hell's this?"

Neito unintentionally opened his mouth.

He thought it was about time for him to get a job or something like that. With a name like Komori Neito, he thought it would be too much for him to remain a hikkikomori NEET.
So from around two hours ago, Neito had been looking through applications on the internet.
He had found himself on quite a strange site. A questionnaire, and several peculiar quiz questions were put out. And strange as it was, he couldn't bring

himself to close the tab. It had a certain intrigue to it.

What do you think about a protagonist standing against the forces of evil, who'd sacrifice the life of a single woman to save the world?
Are you happy right now?
What do you think about Oda Nobunaga and Cesare Borgia?
What is your opinion on taking hostages to attain victory?
If you had a goal you had to accomplish, would you be able to die for it?
What would you do if the boss you respected was killed?
Do you think an alien race trying to invade the earth deserves to be wiped out?

Looking at the battlefield below, please fill in the appropriate choices.
Of the following list of enemies, please select the correct order in which to defeat them.

It must have been made by someone with a lot of time on their hands. That on his mind, Neito continued filling out one answer after the next. And in the end, a question popped up.

Do you want to change the world?

Hmmm. Let's see. It doesn't look too good out there, and there wars and things like that going on in other countries, and I'm a NEET, and unpopular and a virgin, and poor and all. I do get the feeling I've lived being looked down on for a long time. When I see a radiant existence, I am sometimes pained by how far my hand falls from reaching. He thought.

And so…

YES

He answered.

The next question popped up immediately.

Are you sure?

Well it looks like they're intent on it. If you go that far, then let's give it a bit more serious thought.

Is the world really fine as it is? Everything in it remaining the same?

No, right, it isn't, right?

I had my inhibitions. The student life I had lived until last year wasn't anything decent, and it's doubtful anything good will happen from here on either. It was my own fault, I'm sure. But there are plenty of people like me out there. This world is suffocating for them to live in. Yep. As I thought, at the very least, ***I*** want to change the world. So I'll answer once more.

YES

He was suddenly redirected to a recruitment site. Metallica's recruitment site. He had too much on his mind for shock. Neito took his eyes off the screen, and tried to calm down.

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I think the first time the evil organization came onto the stage was around twenty years ago.
The organization called Metallica was known to implement modified humans, and commit many a misdeed.
Their modified soldiers held monster-like appearances, and they were extremely strong, it seems. Even the police were unable to cope with them. For a period of time, the world had been thrown into disorder. Just what could Metallica's goal have been. Wasn't it simple world domination? That was the popular theory, and with the impact behind those words, their exploits took up the news every day.

Right after, the existence known as Dylan became the talk of urban legend. Similarly, Dylan couldn't be thought of as human, but unlike the modified beings of Metallica, he was a heroic existence, and quite a strong one at that. He prevented all of their evil doings, and was regarded as a hero.

But the populace had grown accustomed to evil organizations, and to Metallica. By the time the news report had grown tired and given up on them, quite a few different organizations had popped up. They eventually started turning to the power of mysterious beings, but instead of containing humans changed through science, they were usually some revived ancient warrior race, or aliens or beings that underwent sudden mutations, or something like that. Anyways, there were many varieties. Sabbath, Megadeath, Crimson and a number more.

Those evil organizations were in essence some suspicious urban legends or

credible political organizations, or curious scientific minds. Anyways, there were a lot.

But as of yet, the world has not been dominated. The police and armies have been active, for arguments sake, but it was mostly the doing of mysterious heroes like Dylan. Existences much like his own; The Beatle, Rex, Ramone, and many more have been confirmed as individual cases, and they fought off the evil organizations. Eventually from their peculiar appearances, and their common characteristics, they were often referred to as the Rocks.

And with that trend, the people were completely used to evil organizations. The existence of heroes to fight them was now common sense.

Since such events carried out in reality, the superheroes of the studios stopped airing, but even now, children looked up to real heroes. A certain Neito looked up to them as well.
Sacrificing their own wellbeing, the warriors who fought to protect anyone. How cool must they have been? How wondrous? He respected them. The weaker and more helpless he got, the more imprisoned by society, the more he looked up to them. And on that line, he felt the groups calling themselves evil organizations were far and absurd beings.

So while he was surprised, he laughed the recruitment site off as nothing but a joke

–

“Or so I thought, but…”

On the interview date, he had ended up coming to the specified location. Unthinkable for the headquarters of an organization of evil, it was in the middle of an urban business district, in a perfectly normal building. The hell.
If he was to give an excuse, it was half pure curiosity. If someone went through such lengths to give a user a shock, then perhaps some elaborate event was in store, he thought. Yep, that was all.

He hesitated to enter. He ended up loitering in front of the building a while. It was cold. As the site had indicated, he had even worn a black necktie to distinguish himself, yet he couldn’t help wonder why he was even there to begin with.

Am I an idiot? He thought, as he began walking the way home.
As he turned he noticed a girl pass him by. Her silky hair cut neatly at her shoulders swayed. A slightly slim build, and porcelain white skin. Her chest was on the lacking side, but her pink and shapely lips alongside her gentle eyes made her quite a beauty. His sights were caught in the illusion of pure wind blowing past her.

Ah, how cute. Not that she has any relation to my life.
He thought to himself, as he continued walking past; but there Neito noticed a certain characteristic, causing his body to stiffen.

A black… scarf…!?

A black scarf for women, and a black necktie for men. That was what had been written on the site. And that scarf stood out quite a bit from the standard formal wear she clad over her body.

Was this child reeled in by that site? Does that make her an idiot too?
What to do. Should I try calling out? No, that ain't gonna work. Let's just stop there.

Neito's internal conflict ended in futility. Unexpectedly, it was the girl to call out first.

"Ah, good day."

Unthinkable of one who had come to take an evil organization's examination, a polite and sweet voice.

"G-good day."

He replied as such with all his might. But the girl paid no mind to that, and continued.

"… You've come to take Metallica's employment examination, haven't you?"

Her smaller build leaned in, as if to get closer to the answer. By inevitability, her eyes were upturned.
Dammit that's cute. Please stop. Ah, she asked something, right? I have to answer.

"… Yes."

He wrung out that answer.
And receiving those words, her face lit up. A radiant smile. He began to realize why the people of old had decided to describe a smile as such.

“Thank god! Me too!! I didn’t see you at the preliminary examinations in America, so I was a little worried.”

Huh? America? Preliminary exams? What’s this girl saying?

“Yes… well… pleasure to meet you.”

“If it’s okay with you, would you go with me to the meeting room? Being alone is a little… worrisome…”

He had no idea what was going on.
Maybe it was an elaborate fraud. That’s why they hired a girl of her appearance. He felt compelled to think that.

“Ah, I’m Mayuzumi Maki. Pleasure meeting you.”

The etiquette in her bow were enough to make him think he heard a dramatic sound effect. Along with that, her cuticles rustled. A peach-like smell entered his nose. He didn’t know if it was shampoo, or perfume, or perhaps even her original scent.

Ah, I don’t care anymore. It’s not like I have anything to lose. Yep, let’s try following the cutie. I don’t even have enough money for fraud to be effective.

And since he had first seen that recruitment site, the words had remained on his mind.

Do you want to change the world?

He had answered YES.

Perhaps it had been foolish, but in some part of him, he had always felt that way. That’s why he had answered.

“Yeah. L-let’s go.”

The girl called Maki received those words, and grinned. And she let some outrageous words from her own mouth.

“Yes! I hope we both get a position! Let’s work together to conquer the

world!”

Yep. This might be a little bit bad.

Ah, Yes.

(TL: *Random Panting Sounds* Alright, SaltAndVinegar, WWL is done. To everyone else, I don't really want to start a new Sevens Chapter because ToS releases on the 29th, so it'll inevitably be left on a cliffhanger for a while. I'll need about a week to find a balance between school, translation… and ToS)

TEORA 2: Ah, Yes

Together with the girl, who had named herself as Mayuzumi Maki, Neito headed for the employment interview meeting hall of the Evil Organization Metallica.

"… Hey, um…"

The situation was just too strange, and he couldn't help but open his mouth.

"? What is it?"

Maki tilted her head a bit to the side.
Don't you find it strange Metallica is conducting an interview in such a normal business district?
In the first place, should they really be putting out help-wanted ads like a standard corporation?
I was tested online, but you said something about a preliminary examination in America right? And also… what exactly are you supposed to do after joining an Evil Organization?
He had too many things to ask, that on the contrary, the words wouldn't come out at all.

"Ah~ no, it's nothing."
"? Oh, you're nervous, aren't you! That's alright… I'm the same. Let's do our best."

Likely misunderstanding something, Maki made a clenched fist, and held it up in an encouraging pose.

"Ah, yes. You're right."

He could only answer as such. And he headed into the building set for the

examination. A normal building on a normal street. Metallica LLC wasn't written anywhere on it.

But he noticed one peculiar thing about it. While it was a weekday in a standard office district, there was no one around but Maki.
Strange. That was quite clearly strange.
When he entered the building, there was an arrow guiding to 'M Corp's' employment examination. The clean and tidy office was the very definition of a major corporation.

"For real?"

After showing the receptionist-esque person the admission ticket and proper identification papers, they were let through to the waiting room.
By the way, the receptionist was, for argument's sake, a large breasted older woman.
On her chest area was a stylized name tag. It was enclosed by a flower-like design with wings, making it look like quite an official company badge.

The woman smiled, and spoke.

"Welcome to Metallica. Please do your best in today's examination. We're always waiting for comrades to fight alongside us."

The waiting room was already filled with several tens of people.
Neito himself had just become twenty, but the rest were quite varied.

A gangster-ish old man who clearly didn't come from a respectable business.
A punk rocker whose ears were pierced wherever space would permit.
An intelligent-looking young man in glasses.
A skin headed giant noticeably a foreigner.
A young handsome man who could pull off quite a dashing suit.

"Yeah, I'm done."

He whispered that quietly. Perhaps it was shock, or maybe something else.
He decided not to make remarks on any of the finer details. While he didn't really get what was going on, at the very least, he knew that some sort of interviewing was going to be going on for some sort of corporation.

He had thought it would be a joke. But a little, in just a very small part of his

mind, he did consider that it was the real deal. That's why he had come all the way here. In that case, shouldn't the current situation have been just as he had hoped for?
It was his chance to escape NEET life. The income was also quite nice.
Of course it was. Can you not call this a first-rate business known worldwide as best in the field?
It's a little questionable with it being an Evil Organization and all, but it's not likely to get any worse than this. Probably.

Hey, I'm home~ Daddy's home.
Oh my, welcome home dear. How was work today?
No~ well, we were doing a little bit of demolition around the prime minister's office, and it was quite a hard job, you see. Well, I can't go against the department chief's orders after all.
Right. That must have been tough. The bath's been drawn already, if you want to use it.
D-dad, welcome home~ um, you see! Next birthday, I want a PS4!
(TL: This was released before PS4 was, as in this being a vision of the future)
Yeah~. How about that. I'll get a bonus if the Oceania oppression plan succeeds, so I'll consider it.
Wow! Yay! It's a home run!
Hahaha, ya' little squirt.

It's not like he wasn't able to fathom such a household situation.

Neito thought about it, and decided to spend his day on the first examination.

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The morning was occupied by a written exam. He was first put to solving mathematical puzzles, of which he couldn't really do. Next he was to read a text, and give his answers to word problems.
Fitting of an evil organization, the contents were all over the place. Something like this even popped up.

Circumstance has led to you fighting with a heavyweight boxing champion in the room pictured below. How would you carry out this battle? Please look closely at the picture. But please understand that if the champion has not been

killed, you will die.

The picture contained a man of color absolutely brimming with motivation, and behind him were machine guns and knives, and various other things that could be used as weapons. Yep.
He answered it as follows.

The probability of victory is low, and it doesn't look like I'll be able to run, so I'll give up. Because no matter what I try, one hit, and it'll be down for me, and I won't be able to stand for a while. So for now let's count that bout in the room my loss. Then the next day, use the cover of night, or poison to kill him off.

Now I understand that may not really answer the question. Perhaps the champion has to be beaten in that room for it to count. But look here, if a killing match took place in that specific room, then I'm definitely going to be the one dead. So there's no helping it.
When it all comes down to it, isn't it fine as long as the champion is dead in the end?

The questions were all like that.

He had no idea how he was doing on those ones, but he just wrote down whatever came to mind, and filled them all in.

Next was the interview. It was a group interview, it seems, and he was set to wait in the waiting room a while. There, he managed to get a seat beside Maki. Yeah~. I have to say something, don't I. The reason such thoughts came to mind was because it had been quite a while since Neito had last conversed with a woman, and it goes without saying he sucked at it.

This is bad. What do I do? She isn't reviewing or anything, and she's just sitting and sipping tea with an uneasy face as she waits her turn. Is it that, you know that, she wants to hear something considerate. I… I have to think of that something first…! I don't think I'm hated yet! If I give her a good impression of myself here, then maybe…!

"M-Mayuzumi-san! I-I don't think yyyyyou have to be so nervous!"

The voice he finally got out had completely turned coat on him.

Maki opened her eyes wide, and after a while…

“… Pwa, ahahahaha. Aren’t you the nervous one here, Komori-san? That was quite a voice you put out there, you know?”

Bitch, do you know how hard I worked to put out the voice you laughed at… Wasn’t on Neito’s mind at all. From his point of view, that was a successful conversation in itself. He had gotten her to smile, so he was satisfied for the time being.

“No… well… yes, I’m also nervous, but…”
“Yeah. I am as well… but thank you! Because of that, I think I’ve calmed down a little. Let’s do our best.”

When she said that, his spine suddenly straightened. Small as she was, she gave off quite a dignified air.

“Ah, come to think of it, I’d prefer it you called me Maki. I’m not that used to people calling out my surname.”

Oh, if it’s that pattern, then the response is…

“U~m… un derstood. Maki-san. Then I’m fine with Neito as well.”
“NEET? … That’s quite a strange name you have.”
“It’s Neito.”

“O-of course. It was a joke. I knew that already, okay?”

Her face was a little pink. Yeah~. How nice. Neito couldn’t help but think that. At that moment, the door opened, and a person that looked to be a Metallica staff member called out.

“Komori-san, Mayuzumi-san, Ikeno-san, Suzuki-san, Smith-san, please step in.”

It seems the time had come. Come to think of it, he was still in the middle of an evil organization’s exam, wasn’t he?

“Yes!”

Maki gave a spirit-full reply as she stood from her seat.

“I hope we pass together!”

The girl said that with straight-forward eyes. Now if I just think of this as an airline or media company, and think of this exam as something perfectly normal,

then…

“Y-yeah.”

For now, that’s all he could answer.

The interview hall had two middle-aged men, one elderly man, and one woman. They were probably on management.
Of the men, one was wearing a lab coat-ish uniform and an eye patch. Perhaps he was representing the mad scientist side of things.
The other middle-aged one was in good physical shape, with his long hair tied up behind. A trench coat, and even gloves. Was he a fighter?
The old man had white hair, and it was as if he was audibly giving off the aura of a mild mannered grandfather. Is he a bigshot? No, is he purposely misleading?
For some odd reason, the woman looked like a sexualized secretary.

Neito had never undergone an interview, even for part-time work. HE couldn’t help but feel nervous.

By the time it had started, he couldn’t tell what was going where. It took all his might for him just to listen to the exchanges of the other interviewees.

“Ikeno-san, would you please state your aspirations in entering our company?”

It seems that handsome one’s going first. Do even evil organizations respect them? His head turned around such pointless things, as the man called Ikeno fluidly gave his reply.

“Yes! As long as I can remember, I’ve held interest in your organization’s business policy! While working in an industry with much competition, you have continued to be the top of the market since your founding, and I’d very much like to partake in that vigor! While the goal of world domination may be a grand and distant one, I think the profits that can be reaped from the processes now will prove necessary for your company when it comes time for the twenty second century. I wish to apply to become a part of that driving force for the future!”

Oy, oy, what the hell.

“I see. You have quite some motivation there. Then please state your PR and the department you’re hoping to enlist in.”
“Yes! In my father’s company, I’ve worked in France from a young… (text

omitted) where I went to college overseas, and majored in modern warfare (text omitted), and in my high school years, I went to the nationals for kendo, and…”

The self-advertisement continued.
Is that guy for real? Neito found himself on the verge of clicking his tongue. So he’s a rich kid from a nice place, handsome, a sportsman, and a scholar? Go die. Why the hell are you applying to Metallica? Go apply to an advertising firm already.

“I plan to contribute no matter what department I’m stationed in, but I want to join the planning department to draft up invasion plans involving mysterious creatures!”

Oh~ I see. Now isn’t that nice. Go die.

Ikeno finished talking, and next up was Maki’s turn.

“I want to triumph over your industry’s rival-like existence, the Rocks. I wanted to aid whatever plans you have against them, and that is why I have applied.”

Rocks… ah, those heroes, right. She sure is a strange one. Aren’t heroes supposed to be everyone’s aspirations? She’s cute, but as I thought, she’s a bit strange. I mean of course she is. She’s applying to an Evil Organization after all.

“I skipped grades, and graduated from America’s MIT, and I hold two PhDs. I think I will be useful to the maintenance and improvement of your company’s resident mysterious creatures.”

But she sure is cute~. And smart too. Amazing. Even so, cute.
In a situation so far-removed from reality, all little Neito could do was send his mind to some far-off land.

“Well then, Komori Neito-san. Please state your reasons for applying.”

He was suddenly snapped back to reality. His first interview. A large company, and evil at that. The expansive personal records of the other candidates. While he was a timid and incompetent NEET. All the conditions were assembled for well-deserved panic.

“I was d-deeply impressed by your company’s ideals…”
“And of what ideals do you speak of?”

“That is, um… well…”
“Do you have a hobby or specialty?”
“… My hobby is the internet, and specialty… well… I’m level three at the abacus.”
“… I see. That’s enough.”

It’s all over. It wasn’t just Neito, the other applicants thought the same. Maki was taking some fleeting glances at him, and Ikeno was enduring his urge to grin.

Yep. Interview over. Even for evil organizations, finding a job is hard if it’s a major enterprise.
In the first place, me being here was already out of place. Yes, let’s just have some curry on the way home. It was at the moment when Neito had finished changing his train of thought.

The old man who had remained silent up to now opened his mouth.

“I believe you came from the public offering, right?”

The old man’s question seemed to generate quite a stir.
The public offering likely meant that website. Based on his way of speech, that meant the others present were different. And based on this clamor, that must be quite a strange thing.

“I saw it on the net… and…”
“I see, I see. Then I have my own question for you.”

The old man’s words were gentle and kind. As if to put you at ease as you listened to them. But that in itself was scary.

“You want to change the world. You answered that online, did you not?”

The words not coming out, Neito could only nod.

“You want to change the world. Even if that means to destroy the current one?”

? This man sure says some strange things. Now isn’t that obvious. Damn realers, damn conglomerates, damn elites, damn handsome guys. Each and everyone one of them can go get Hyahhah’d and drop dead. After a little while, Neito gave his answer.

(TL: The term go get Hyahhah'd, refers to the standard laughing sound thugs in the wasteland make before they meet, and try to fight a certain master of the Hokuto Shinken. I really don't know how to translate this one.)

※※

Maki felt a little relieved as her turn to speak game to an end.
But that feeling was quite a fleeting one indeed.
The boy she had just met today, Neito-kun.
The responses he gave were simply too terrible. To be blunt here, he didn't look like someone who should be there to take the Metallica exam at all. An exam outside the knowledge of the common man, and where only the greatest of elites in every field and other special people were offered listings. It's not like she was looking down on him, she just found it all quite strange.

As his interview continued to go downhill, she struggled to contain her restlessness.

But after that, she found herself a little surprised. Of all things, he had passed the public offering's criteria, and come all the way to the final interview point. She had heard of it in rumor. That unlike those that had to take a number of difficult examinations to reach this stage, there was an unspecified number targeted online that could take a back-door route.

What was needed to find the public offering was a large amount of luck. And to pass the public examination, it seems there was but a single quality that had to be in abundance. There was only ever a single person to be chosen through the public offering. This is only the talk of rumor, but the online examination was said to be one personally written by Metallica's big boss.

Just a single quality. Evil. That was all.

Neito didn't look like a villain. If she had to say, he was reserved, and shy, and a little awkward. That's how she had been looking at him, and she did have a bit of a favorable impression
So learning he had passed the public offering evaluation, and come all the way here was truly a surprise.

After that, the only elderly person in the room asked Neito his question.
If he wanted to change the world, even if it meant destroying the current one.

Maki felt a shiver run down her spine as she heard the interviewer's question. Everyone out there had their own dissatisfactions with the world. Doesn't that mean they want to change it to some extent?

But even at the cost of the current world? Was there anyone out there who could give an immediate reply from the bottom of their hearts?
It was something different than just answering everyone should die! With lighthearted feeling. Right?
The old man interviewer's voice had something in it that drew out the true intentions of its listeners. She knew Neito wouldn't tell a lie.

Even if Maki had been given the very same question, she thought that she would have to answer, 'I don't know.'
Ikeno san sitting beside her would likely answer, 'of course,' with it being an interview and all. Or so he'd try, but with this amount of pressure, she doubted he'd be able to say anything at all.

Neito-kun… Even with it being her interview as well, Maki ended up looking his way.
He raised his face, and answered. Much too plainly, too naturally.

"Ah, yes."

And at that moment, his expression was simply too natural. But around the boy who looked a little unreliable, for just a brief moment, she thought she saw a jet black flame. It was weak, and faint, but definitely there.
She felt she was being drawn into the depths of his eyes.

Hm… huh…? Why am I… huh?
A moment late, Maki noticed the heightened beating in her chest.

The moment the interview ended, Neito immediately went on his way home. Embarrassed, he didn't want to remain there any longer. It's over. I've failed.

At first, I thought it was a joke, or a scam of an employment exam, but for me to fail so miserably at the real thing… Anyone'd get depressed. Let's go get that curry. He thought as he walked down the hallway.

"U-um! Neito-kun!"

If you call out to me, I'll turn around. My social ability isn't that low, though it

isn’t high enough to pass interviews. He couldn’t’ help but beat himself up inside, but it’s not like Maki had done anything wrong. So while that was going on in his head, he made sure to greet her as calmly as he could.

“Good work back there… Do your best in Metallica. I’ll be cheering for you.”

When he answered like that, Maki looked down, and fidgeted. She grabbed the hem of her skirt.

? Does she have to use the restroom?

“N-Neito-san, aren’t you entering the company too…”

A kind person. Feeling Maki’s kindness, his despair and shock only increased. Perhaps this girl would have been my coworker had I passed… he thought.

“Haha… nope, not happening. There’s no way that one would get me through.”
“Please don’t say something like that.”

Neito thought a bit. About why this person would say such things.
Ah, I see. She feels sorry because she’s the one getting the position.
Oh don’t worry~ you don’t have to pay mind to something like that. I can’t think of you as a person joining an evil organization. Please marry me.

“Then, I’ll be off.”

He felt apologetic for making her so mindful. Neito spoke curtly before walking away.

On that day, in the main underground headquarters of Metallica, a meeting was being held.

“So we can take on Ikeno-kun and Mayuzumi-san, right?”
“Right. Ikeno is qualified enough, and Mayuzumi is… cute, after all.”
“You always bring it to that. Mayuzumi-san is also more than qualified. Just look at her history.”
“Come to think of it, what are we doing about that Komori kid?”
“I mean, it’s just the standard, we deeply apologize, but we are unable to… shtick, right?”
“Wait.”

“Ah! … What are *you* here?”
“Oh, I just thought I’d put my mouth into the employment meeting a bit.”
“Something wrong?”
“That man called Komori. He’s quite an interesting one. You’d be hard pressed to find a loser aura of that extent. The losing team, or something like that? Right now he’s just a brat sulking at the world, but if you polish him up, you might find a gemstone in him. Can’t you put him in with respect to me?”

The meeting lasted two hours.

And another two hours after that, a single letter was delivered to Neito’s doorstep.

“How rare. Mail for me… hm… eh? Huh? Fo realz? Let’s just look over the contents again and…. Whoooooooooooooooooooooooooh!!!!”

From April onwards, I’ll be an Evil Organization’s new hire.

It was a phrase that he felt would make him burst into laughter if he said it aloud, so he decided to whisper it in his heart.

Appointed Position

Appointed Position

After the employment notice had arrived, a few months had gone by. Naturally enough, Neito had spent them quite restlessly. He tried loitering around the insides of his house, suddenly took up weight training as he watched anime, and thought to tell one of his few acquaintances about his employment, but the latter was a bit too great a hurdle. It was an evil organization, after all.

Come to think of it, what would I even be doing at work? Probably something like planning out and drafting criminal acts.
Right after I had gotten the acceptance letter, I had sent in a positive reply at the prospects of employment, but looking back, I never really confirmed the specifics of my duties, or my standing or anything like that.

Let's look over the documents again. No, perhaps muscle training first? And so he spent his time, and eventually the day of his formal entry came upon him.

The designated location was a building in the same district as the interview hall. Perhaps this was their public guise. Is it a separate enterprise Metallica made as a dummy?

The receptionist was the same large-breasted woman from the interview. I was too nervous back then to pay much attention, but looking closely, she's quite something. Waved chestnut hair, and kind eyes. An older sister character.

Does it feel good here? Oh, me? I could imagine the words from her mouth.

"Welcome to Metallica. Please make your way to the conference room♪. You will be undergoing guidance there today."

Her voice was quite comforting on the ears. Maybe it would be best if she wasn't assigned to receptionist work, and was transferred to honey trap some influential politician. Or so Neito began to boorishly fantasize.

This goes without saying, but there were new hires apart from him. It's not like he was skilled at dealing with people, and he didn't have fond memories of his classmates, or peers. So what he was really hoping for at the moment, was that

his fellow new recruits were nice people.

Due to the peculiar nature of the company, he knew he was praying for a contradiction. Come to think of it, was Maki there? The though crossed his mind.

“Ah.”

But when he entered the room, the one there wasn’t Maki. A slender and tall figure, of refined features, in an expensive suit.
It’s that guy. The one who was with him in the interview. The high-spec handsome one.

“Um~…”

The handsome man also sent him a glance.

“Huh? So you were accepted?”

It was a tone that spoke lengths in itself of how surprised he was. But Neito himself felt the same, so he could understand the sentiment.

“Eh, ah, yeah.”

The man stared at him intently.
He had mentally told him to die a few times in the interview, but they were going to be working together from here on. If possible, Neito wanted to be able to get along.

“… Hmm~. Well. Good for you, I guess. Regular? General?”

Metallica’s employees were largely divided into regular posts, and general posts.

“Yes, general for me.”
“Ah~ yes, yes. I see. That’s nice.”

The wage prospects of the two were quite a ways apart. They were just about as separated as a pilot and a taxi driver.
The air turned a little uncomfortable.
And with that timing, the door opened.

“Good day… Ah! Neito-kun! You were accepted! That’s great~!”

The one who entered was Maki. Her hair had grown a little since he’d last seen

her at the interview, and its flaxen sheen made it look even more appealing. The tension of the room somehow cleared a bit.

“T-thank you, so you also got in Maki-s”
“Oh, so you were hired as well. I was sure you would be.”

The handsome face was the faster of the two to call out to her.

“Thank you, u~m, likewise, Hotokeno-san!”
“I’m Ikeno.”

Halleluiah. She totally remembered me. Neito rejoiced inside, but didn’t show it on the surface.

That aside, it looked to be that the three gathered were the only ones who made it. After a while, the same receptionist from before entered with a man who looked to be an official.

“Everyone’s gathered. Then we will be moving on to announcing assignments, and guidance.”

Neito hadn’t found employment since he graduated. Of course, it was the first time he would have his assignment decided for him.
The fact he was employed to begin with means they had evaluated some ability of his, and they were sure to send him to a job suited for that. He himself hadn’t the slightest idea what he could do, but still, he couldn’t contain his excitement.
The official man started listing off in a low voice.

“Ikeno Reiji. You have been assigned to the planning department’s first planning division.”
“Yes.”

Oh~. So he had a name like Reiji? What did the planning department do again? He does look quite smart after all. Amazing~.
Is it that? Does he plan the assassination of VIPs, and the strategic points to blow up?

“Mayuzumi Maki. You have been assigned to the General Affairs Department’s General Affairs Division.”
“Yes!”
“By the way, I’m also on general affairs. I’ll be sure to guide you kindly.”

So Maki-san's in general affairs? She said she wanted to improve the mysterious buildings, so I think she wanted to be in the R&D department. But still, for her to be in the same branch as the receptionist… Isn't that just perfect? General affairs~. Is it a place the pretties are deployed to? Maybe it's the place I'm supposed to drop by to turn in a receipt.

Now then, it was Neito's turn next. From what he could remember, it had been quite a while since his heart had danced so much.

"Komori Neito. You have been assigned to the General Affair's Department's affiliate Misc. Division."
"Y-yes."

?? Miscellaneous? What's that supposed to be again? Neito tried to recall all the company documents he had read through.
He got the feeling they were written of in the smallest corner of a page.

"That is all. Ikeno, Mayuzumi, proceed to the new employee training course at once!"
"Yes!"

?? Training course? It's been bothering me for a while, but Ikeno and Maki both had trunk cases with them. Large ones at that, as if they were going off on a trip.

"While your destination may be Hawaii, please remember that your purpose is training. Don't get too lively."

Hawaii? To Neito, it was a bolt from the blue. He hadn't prepared for that at all. And wait, he didn't even have a passport. Was anything like that in the pamphlet? Crap, a huge mistake right off the bat? Before he could fly into a panic, he decided to be upfront about it.

"Um… my preparations… are…"

The official showed off a questioning expression as he continued.

"Its standard for the Misc. Division to proceed straight to the work site."
"Hah?"
"Do you understand the Miscellaneous Division's purpose?"
"… No. I'm sorry."

“Well, to be direct, they’re combatants. Though they’re in charge of handling odd jobs as well. Haven’t you ever seen them on TV?”

Yep. I sure have. Those ones wearing black-ish clothes and peculiar masks, those guys. They appear alongside the mysterious beings, and get beaten black and blue by the Hero, those guys. Those guys that more often than not take on the police.
Those guys that make the children burst into tears. So those were normal people doing that?

Well damn. This is quite bad. Neito’s tension dropped off all at once.
I don’t mean to brag, but I don’t have any fighting experience. Being sent off to the work site without any training at all? For realz?

“Ah, I see. You have it rough. You general workers. Well, have at it. Mayuzumi-san, shall we be off?”

Ikeno no longer seemed to think anything of young Neito.

Maki nervously called out.

“D-don’t worry about it! Neito-kun! Well… um… they say that work is experience over theory, don’t they!”

This girl reminds me a bit of a loyal dog. Or so an irrelevant thought flew across his mind.

“Komori. Your post will be…”

The contents weren’t entering his head.

Komori Neito
Metallica LLC, Miscellaneous Division General Worker (Monthly Salary 135,000¥)

Hey, You Guys, Let me Hit You

TEORA: Hey You Guys, Let Me Hit You

The day after the welcoming ceremony. As instructed, Neito proceeded directly to his station at the Miscellaneous Division.
To be more precise, it was one of the many Miscellaneous Division branches spread out across the country. In an area on the outskirts of town overflowing with arehouses, it was a place that gave off the feeling of a backstreet workshop.

He had slowly started to understand it, but the facilities and people of the Evil Organization Metallica all had separate titles for public eyes.

There were ten people stationed at his worksite. The highest ranked was the supervisor. The members there were all wearing work clothes, and it didn't look to be that they were doing any work.

"I will be in your care from today onwards. My name is Komori. Please treat me well!"

Neito had put quite a bit of effort into his self-introduction on his own part, but the reactions to it were questionable. An atmosphere as if to say, well good for you.

"Komori-kun, it's exceedingly rare for a general worker to be taken on by the main branch. Um, how should we handle this…"

In that atmosphere, the supervisor looked around, and called out to a young and stour man.

"Oy~. Eda-kun. Can you look after young Komori-kun?"

The man called Eda painstakingly clicked his tongue, before standing.

"Eh? Me~… tsk, I understand. Oy, fresh meat. Come o'er here."

Eda lit a cigarette, and sluggishly called over to Neito.

What's with this guy? Can he act as a combatant with that weight of his? And wait, is it really fine to smoke normally at work?

A word that had been coming up a lot lately ran across his mind.

Sweatshop.

Come to think of it, everyone in the Misc. Division was a general worker, it seems. A dangerous job with low wages, and in the first place, they were something of sacrificial pawns to the Evil Organization. There's no way their work environment would be a good one. Is there even a concept of morals?
Will it just be those guys who couldn't even become thugs or gangsters, so they though, oh well, let's go off and join Metallica, then?

He didn't have a regular position like Maki or Ikeno. With its vast power, Metallica committed its heinous acts on a global scale. They were the elites to manage the grand task. While a commoner like Neito wasn't aware of it, the organization only hired those sorts from the zenith of every field, and up there, its existence and operation as a company was common sense. They were a major enterprise with world-level influence. While the contents of their business were a bit special, it was understandable why so many elites gathered.

Even so… there was too much a gap, was there not?

"Oy, fresh meat! What're you standin' around there for?"

The jeers of the fatty came my way.

"Y-yes! My apologies!"

"Can ya' use a gun?"
"Eh? No, I cannot."
"Well 'n, you do any martial arts er somethin'?"
"No… not really."
"Can ya' at least make explosives?"
"…"

After the series of questions, Eda loudly scratched his head as he muttered.

"… Useless…"
"Eh?"

What an unbelievable workplace. Neito had yet to do anything, but he already wanted to turn and go home.

"List'n here. Make sure you're able ta do somethin' by tomorrow. I'm busy, so

go try ‘n pick somethin’ up on yer own. Weapons besides guns are o’er in that there locker. You’ll need ta submit an application if ya wanna handle guns er expolsives.”

Putting out the cigarette that had burned close to the base, Eda spread out a sports newspaper, and the conversation was over. Or at least, that’s what his attitude stated.
Astonished as he was, there’s no way Neito could oppose. For starters, he went and opened up the locker, and tried following orders.

From there, a few hours passed, but in that timeframe, the only words Eda sent over were, ‘can you go buy me a juice?’ alone.

A little later, regardless of work hours, Eda pulled out his phone.

“Oh? Ya’ done now? Eh? For real? For really real!? How many were ya’ up against? Ooh, nice. Reeeaal nice~. OK, the bar ‘n front of the station, right? Well ‘n, seeya there.”

“Um… Eda-san…?”

“Yeah, nice work.”

Eda left quite naturally.
For reals… that fatty… went and left. They what exactly do you expect me to do? There should be some sort of limit to evil, shouldn’t there?
Besides being at a loss, there’s nothing a NEET could do here.

The same situation continued on to the next day as well. On the third day, Eda made a proposal, as if he had just remembered it all at that moment.

“Come ta think of it, did you get to be able ta use ‘t? Have a practice battle with me next week.”

“Hah?”

That was quite a sudden utterance there. What’s that supposed to be. A practice battle?

“Practice battle… in what exactly?”
“Huh? I said it, didn’t I? It’s something the Misc. Division does with its new recruits. If you end up no good, it’s the pink slip. I’m going home here, but make

sure ya clean up before ya call it a day."

The scene before Neito's eyes went pitch black. Well, he understood the rule. There's no helping it if a rule like that was made. If anything else, this was the lowest tier that actually did the active work. There's no helping it if you turn out to be no use at all. If you went off to battle like that, there'd be no helping death. It would be something like a final examination after a trial period.

Yes, I get that part. But.
Then what exactly am I supposed to do? Since I got assigned here, I haven't been told to do anything but get juice, and clean up.
Even if he looks like that, Eda's worked for Metallica's Miscellaneous Division for two years. And even if that was his first venture into the world of crime, his battle prowess was, at the very least, over mine.

Rather than that, perhaps Eda anticipated all of that, and therefore didn't train me at all.

This is bad. Way too bad. At this rate, I'm going to be beaten left and right, sustain serious injuries, and get cut to top it all off.

"… Maybe it's over for me."

Left behind, Neito couldn't help but mutter.
Fine. I don't care, I'll just quite a company like this. With such thoughts running through his mind, he went and took a mop in hand, and began to clean. The company had shown him a small ray of hope after all. He'd pay it back at the very least.

"Still so young. You can go home for the day."

To Neito, one of the workers. A middle-aged man he hadn't talked with much before. Neito got the feeling his name was something along the lines of Manaka Toshio.

"No, but cleaning's still…"
"You don't have to worry about something like that. It's not too dirty to begin with, right? You just cleaned it up yesterday after all."

How surprising. He was sure no one had paid the slightest mind to how he cleaned the place.

“You haven’t eaten anything today, have you? I’ll treat you, so keep me company for a drink.”

This is that. That workplace bonding thing. Neito hesitated a bit. He had, for argument’s sake, reached the legal drinking age, but he had yet to go out drinking with another human begin, let alone a coworker from the same company.

“Sure…”

He gave a powerless reply. Manaka was different from Eda. He looked like a decent person. Since he was going to quit the place anyways, it would be best to pick up some experience. Or so he determined.

The place he was taken to was a slightly-aged oden stand. It was a little dirty, but its prices were cheap, and the variety of its oden was plentiful.

Manaka sparingly drank a dilute shochu, as he munched on some daikon. It looked quite appetizing. Neito hadn’t the slightest idea on the proper etiquette to drinking with a senior worker, so he just stared at him a while.

(TL: Shochu is an alcohol usually around 50 proof distilled from various Japanese ingredients. I can’t tell you any more, really. I’m a minor after all. Daikon is a variety of radish. Oden is just various ingredients stewed in a soup stock.)

“Oh, go ahead and eat. Not that it’s anything special.”
“… Okay.”

The oden that entered his mouth was warm. He exchanged some unskillful conversation as he filled his stomach.

“You’re sure an unlucky one. Accepted by the main company, then suddenly sent off to Misc.”

Manaka spoke bit by bit.

“Not really…”
“Hey be honest here. Is this really how Metallica is gonna treat me, you must’ve thought.”

Getting a little more comfortable, Neito let out his true feelings.

“… Yes, a little…”

“Haha. A little, is it? I think it year round. Those guys up there don’t even know how it feels to be on the site, and they just keep on setting up their unreasonable goals.
I can’t deal with it. My salary’s less’n half the regular posts. And despite that, it’s always, your deployment was slow, or your costs are too high… I don’t think there’s any helping it when people like Eda lose their motivation, you know?

Based on what I’d seen of how Manaka carried himself in the few day’s I’ve been here, it didn’t look like he was sulking or anything. So I had to ask.

“Manaka-san… if all that’s going on, then why can you work so hard?”

“Well, a man’s gotta support his wife and kids after all.”

I see. The working adults have it rough. A father’s troubles, that sort of thing… The moment before Neito may have been able to feel for him. Manaka looked out far into the distance, and continued.

“And you see. World domination, you see. I want to cling onto it. Even like this, when I was young, I was sure I was going to change the world. I always looked up to an evil organization that may be able to do something like that. And I’m finally in one.”

It was the same. That portion was considerably similar to how Neito felt before he got in the company.

“That is…”

“Haha, stupid, right? This from some underling old mook, right?”

His bashful laughing face gave a childish sort of impression opposed to the words coming from his mouth

“No, I didn’t say anything like…”

At that moment. A loud voice came from the park near the oden stand. Sirens began to blare.

“… Guardian, huh.”

Manaka muttered.

Guardian: it was a public order institution established to combat the influx of Evil Organizations not too long ago. It was also a nickname to refer to the members of said organization.

Of course, the police still existed as their own organization, but the Guardian's power and influence was placed on a higher tier. An existence that had gained quite a bit of authority to oppose Evil Organizations. They were much more proactive than the existing police force, and it wasn't rare for there to be cases where force was used. Their laws were rigid, and they were truly strong. They were sometimes even called the realizers of order.

They were different from the mysterious heroes that moved individually, the Rocks, but anyways, they were allies of justice.

Naturally, they were an enemy to Metallica.
Could it be they came to suppress us? Neito panicked for a moment, after listening to the shouts, he could tell it was something different. They were yelling high-handedly at someone outside.

What should I do. It doesn't look like that cat's out of the bag, but is it best we run? When neito began to think along those lines, Manaka by his side slowly rose.

"Manaka-san?"
"Hmm? Ah, I'll be off for a bit. Boss, put it on my tab."
"Sure thing, Toshio-san. You haven't changed a bit, have you. You're not young anymore, so pushing yourself too much is poison on your body."

After Manaka paid some money to the stands owner, he walked outside.
? Didn't he just say tab? Then what did he pay for?

Neito hurriedly turned to follow him. In that park nearby, just as Manaka had said, the Guardians were there.
Characteristic white protective equipment, and keiren cyclist-like helmets. They held batons in their hands. It was the standard dress for Guardians on duty. Those were the guys for C Rank general security or something.

The three guardians were drawing near some homeless man who'd erected a cardboard house to stave off the wind.

“Oy! It’s a violation of city code to build up a cardboard house here! Demolish it at once!!”

“Y-you can’t… if you drive me out of here now, then what do you expect me to do… I’ll die in this cold… I’ll leave tomorrow, so… please…!”

It seems an eviction order was given in regards to the man. I see, well what he’s doing is quite definitely illegal, I’m sure.

“Not my business!! It’s a violation, a violation! You get it? Old man?”
“Yeah~. This really is a pain. Just make it quick already. Go off to the park of the town next door. It’s out of our jurisdiction, so we’ll let it slide.”

Neito felt a sense of discomfort at the Guardians’ overbearing tone of speech. They truly weren’t evil. But he didn’t feel the urge to cheer them on at all.

“…”

Neito shut his mouth, and quietly watched the scene. But Manaka beside him was different.

“This is why Guardians are…”
“!? Manaka-san!?”

Without the chance to be stopped, Manaka went and walked up to the Guardians.

“Hey, yes, you Gars over there. Yeah, you guys. Let me hit you around a bit.”

Oy, Eda

TEORA 5: Oy, Eda

At the sudden intruder, even the Guardians hesitated a bit.

“Who are you!? What is your intent!?”

But Manaka displayed a fearless smile, and answered in a subdued voice.

“Well you see, I’m… Metallica. Do you think Metallica needs a reason to do bad things?”

What!!?? Neito was much more surprised than the Guardians could ever be. He couldn’t think it sane to name yourself a member of a famous evil organization before the enforcers of justice.

“W-what!? What did you just say!?”

As expected, the Guardians held up their batons, and entered a vigilant formation. They likely weren’t any amateurs. Could a member of *that* Miscellaneous Division, Manaka, really do anything against them?

He had barely been in contact with the man, but Neito couldn’t help but worry for his safety. He was aware of the shaking of his own legs. That person definitely isn’t a bad person. No, perhaps he is, but I can’t feel that way about him. Even so…!

“Yeah, quite your shouting. If you’re going to do it, then come at me already!”

Quite separated from Neito’s worries, Manaka strongly provoked the armed Guardians.

“Arrest him—!!!”

They came down on him all at once. He’ll be taken in at once, at this rate… or so Neito thought, but the result was different.

“Keh…! Grah!!”

Manaka kicked the park’s sandbox with all his might, pouring its sand down on the men.

And…

“Well then!!”

Perhaps it had entered his eyes. One of the guardians faltered a bit, and Manaka proceeded to deliver a bit boot to his body before pinning his arms to his back.

“Wha…!?”
“Oh, don’t move! Want me to snap his neck?”

The remaining two Guardians halted at his words.

“Bastard… using sand and hostages… how cowardly!! Have you no shame!!?”
“What? I said it the very start, right? I’m a villain.”

He was quite quick to say it. He pushed the pinned man out towards his two friends, and when their stances crumbled to catch him, he got in another blow. A dull sound resounded through the dark park.

“H-he’s strong! …And wait…”

Horrible. Thought Neito, but he didn’t say it aloud. Yes it was cowardly, and terrible, but so what, he thought.

“The young Guardians they put on night patrol, you think those guys that just flocked in from college can lay a hand on my twenty years of fighting?”

Manaka left it that, left them aside, and proceeded towards the homeless again.

“E-eek!! It’s Metallica!!”

They were scared of him, shrinking away while seated on the ground.

“Oy, you. Keep your mouth shut, go to that oden shop over there, and eat a meal. Well, the taste isn’t anything special, though. For now, it’ll be something to fill your stomach.”

“…? You…”

The homeless man hesitated on how to reply to the mismatched statements of the villain who had suddenly made his entrance. Looking upon the scene, Neito felt just a little warmth in his chest.

“… Manaka… -san… ah!”

Far away as he was, there was something only Neito could have noticed. One of the guardians that had been beaten down before was unsteadily rising to his feet, taking his gun from its holster.
And its muzzle was fixing on Manaka.

“U… u… uwaaaaaaaaah!!!!!”

His legs moved faster than his head. Raising a strange battle cry, Neito ran. Defying a Guardian wasn’t something any sane man would do. More so when the opponent had a gun in hand. No decent person would even think to try it. I mean, the enemy was justice, and an existence that carried it out. Unless you were an outlaw with some built up experience, everyone would do the same. Yes, that’s why I’ll run. Right. Run, and run…

I was sure my legs were supposed to be pointed to flee, but…

Neito was running straight towards the Guardian holding up the gun.

“Waaaaaaaaah!!!”

It was a pitiful body blow without the least bit of training or theory behind it. But its effects were massive on a Guardian who could barely stand on his feet. The Guardian let off a strange, ‘kyuu’ sound before falling to the floor.

Because he had sone something so unfamiliar, Neito himself fell as well.
But Manaka soon came to extend his hand, and help him up.

“See, you do have it in you, Neito. You saved me there. Though normally, you should hesitate a bit more. You know, there might be more bad in you than your appearance suggests.”

Manaka said that with a grin.

“He… hehehe…”

Two villains had beaten down some allies of justice in the park that night. Neito felt a little strange himself, and he ended up laughing. Just for a little longer, I’ll try and stay with this job, with Metallica. That night, Neito thought that as he successfully returned to his house.

From the next day, his training began. His current goal was the practice battle

with the one charged with training him, Eda.
The one who had gotten along well with him since that night, Manaka, would offer him advice during lunch and other break times. There wasn't nearly enough time for him to put any real martial arts to heart, so he was only training a usable move or two.

According to Manaka, Eda was apparently a former sumo. He didn't accomplish anything that great in the field, but still, that was some dreadful news to Neito.

There's no way he would win going about it normally.

"Well, just put your all into it. It's not like a loss'll get you instantly fired or anything. It's enough to show off some of your good parts. I'll put in a word too."

Manaka tried calling out during lunch break, but…

"What should I do… conceal a knife, and stab him with the element of surprise…? Or maybe poison… no, that's wrong. Something… isn't there's something…?"

"O-oy, Neito."
"Ah"

It seems he was lost in thought.

"I'm sorry, Manaka-san. What were you saying?"
"N-no. It's nothing,"
"?"

For some reason, Maka was staring fixatedly into Neito's face. He looked a little surprised.

"What is it?"
"Hey, you. You really have never been in another organization or something before, right? What's your criminal record?"

Just what could Manaka-san be saying? Do I, who's never gotten into a fight, who's never even broken a school regulation, who's– if I really had to say– been on the bullied side of things, really look like such a villain to you? Neito's

thoughts turned a little strange as he looked at Manaka's exaggerated expression.

"Surely you jest. There's no way I have anything like that. More importantly, Manaka-san, can you teach me a little bit more about Eda-sn?"

"Y-yeah. Right… then…"

He altered his training, and carried out all the preparations he could. For now, that's all he could do.

And the days passed all too fast, the day of their bout at hand. Weapons and poisons banned, knocking down the opponent once is their loss. No killing. With those rules in place, all prior preparations are fare game. Fight like a member of Metallica, was all that was announced.

"Neito… can you do it?"

Manaka was making a worried expression. But if we were talking anxiety, Neito had far surpassed him.

"Oy, oy, fresh meat! I hope you've trained at least a bit like I told ya'. If yer too weak, ah may end up beatin' ya' too far, okay? Not that there's any helpin' how useless you are. We don't wanna have you drop the evaluation of the one in charge a trainin' you, me, as well, do we?"

His opponent, Eda, was messily chewing on gum, with a leisurely expression. Damn, what an irritating fellow. The only thing I've ever learned from you is the variety of juices at the vending machine down the street. Go get diabetes, and die. Neito was half full of such anger.
Crap, I'm screwed. If that fatty hits me for real, I'll die. Our weight classes are too different, if you think about it logically. The other half was such fear.
He had prepared. But would he be able to carry it out?

"Are~ You~ All~ Right~? Did ya' go take care of yer' business? You don' wanna piss yerself when I'm beatin' you."

He raised a vulgar laughing voice.

This bastard… no, I'm still scared after all.

"Then let the match begin!"

With that mixed sentiment, the match's start was announced. The signal came from the supervisor, of whom you could never really tell if he was there or not, or if he even existed, but his voice was surprisingly eminent.

"Orah!"

Eda's jab. I can't dodge. For a fatty, he's fast! What's more, as he wasn't ready for it, the impact of a single jab was considerable.

"… Uuh… kuh…!"
"Hey, hey."

Even now, a stream of jabs. Without being able to raise a limb, Neito was beaten black and blue. He knew he could fall at any moment.

"I won't… I don't want to lose…! I… don't want to… lose!!"

But the difference in ability was ruthless. Even if he wrung out the guts he rarely ever used, that gap wasn't filled in! Overwhelming offense. He was receiving enough damage that even Neito himself was surprised he could remain standing, but still, he didn't fall over.
It no longer looked like a match, but simple violence. Only one onlooker, Manaka, seemed to be waiting for something as he looked over Neito.

"I've had enough. Yer too weak. Let's just pin you already."

Perhaps he wasn't blessed with much stamina, as before long, Eda came to grasp at Neito. It was a bear hug. But he would squeezing with ample force, in an attempt to drop his opponent. That's all there was to it, but that move was Eda's specialty.

The moment before he could be grabbed. In Neito's hazy mind, the words of the recruitment ad abruptly played back.

Do you want to change the world? YES

Continuing on to the interviewer's question at the interview.

Even if that means to destroy the current one? YES

I answered yes to those questions. Did I take them too lightly? I mean, of course I did at first. But I've given it a bit of thought since then. Since the time I answered it online. By the time the interview came around, I could answer it

quite normally. But those were my real thoughts. They're what I believe. My life up to now, and the current society. I want to change it, and it will change. That's what I answered. And yet, you think it will end here?

No. It's always been like that. I was weak. The world was harsh. And I didn't change. I kept running. The world didn't change. The world cornered me. That's why I was a NEET. Without any aspirations, just a NEET.

But not this time. I felt there was something special. Here in Metallica. I don't get what that something is yet, but I won't let it all end here.

If I answered I wanted to change the world, then world aside, what do you think it'll mean if I can't even manage the fatty before my eyes?

I… I… I I…!!!!

Neito fel a black tainted water begin to pour into his heart.

"Oy, Eda."

He was in his grasp, and it was the moment before any power was put into the hold. Neito addressed Eda in a low voice.

Well of Course.

TEORA 6: Well of Course.

“Oy, Eda.”

What did that guy say just now? Oy, Eda or somehin’? The weaklin’ who hasn’t offered a word of resistance, this guy did? To me? To a former sumo and a senior in Metallica, no honorifics, huh?

“Are you listening, Eda?”
“… You……!?”

Neito’s expression was cold enough to send shivers down his spine. His eyes looked as if darkness itself had resided in them. Black, and deep. There’s something scary in this man. That’s how he felt. From this guy I’ve been overwhelming for a while? Why?

“… Hey, you know your sister? The one that lives in Setagaya? Yeah, the one that finishes badminton practice at 7:00 p.m., and goes straight home? Truly an exemplary high school girl there. But she walks that path home alone, you know. Now doesn’t that sound dangerous?”

What was he saying? Seriously, what is this guy saying? If I don’t down him soon, he’ll be dangerous.
That’s how Eda felt.

“Her house is on the third block, her room on the second floor, facing due west. It seems you’ve cut ties with your parents, but you treat that sisters of your quite dearly. To even give her Christmas and birthday presents every year, you really are a nice guy, aren’t you?”

His junior coworker indifferently continued on. This is strange. This guy is strange.

“You told me on the first day, but our locker here… it sure has a lot of things in it. It sure is amazing that a form’s all you need to bring out a gun or bomb.”

He was scared. He was scared of such a weak man. Eda had forgotten. That strength wasn’t the only thing to make a person hold fear. There was something

far more basic: malice. To something like that, strength was irrelevant. It was scary in itself that such a thing was pointed at him.

Eda was a known delinquent from his school days. From that experience, he could plainly tell. This guy is no delinquent. He's evil.

"You still don't get it? In this match, killing was banned, right? That's why you won't be able to kill me. And you see, I don't want to lose."

"W-what are you saying…!?"

"Now if you end up defeating me, then I can't say for certain what might happen to that sister of yours."

A shudder. His response to the cold voice Neito let out could only be described as such.

"…! Wa… it…"

"Don't want to. Now here's what's going to happen. I'm going to hit you. You're going to be hit, and fall."

"Wha…!?"
"You can dodge it if you want. But if you do, I'm going to peacefully forfeit this match. And after that…"
"Stop!!"

His mind couldn't keep up. But at the very least, he could tell it didn't sound like a bluff. It's quite probable this man would do it all for real. And if he tried to stop him, he'd just take another measure. So to stop him, there was no other option but to kill this man. But in a workplace practice battle? Surely you're joking.

"…!!"

The pride of the man called Eda wasn't something stable enough to stand against ill intent of this level being sent his way.

The gentle punch Neito sent made a dull sound as it stuck into his body. Eda fell down quite unnaturally, and the match ended.

"Winner, Komori!"

The supervisor let out the decisive call. Thank god It looks like it went well.
To be honest, I wasn't really sure it'd work out. Ah~ thank goodness.

"Fu… thank god… he… hehe…"

Neito took a deep breath in relief at his current victory.

Perhaps because he had quite consciously let out an unfamiliar tone of speech, the fatigue set in on him severely. And in the first place, his entire body was in pain.

But he had won. With a gentle punch.
The winner was much more beaten up than the loser. But even so, Neito felt a sense of fulfillment… however…

"That was dirty! Dammit!!"

After the match had ended, Eda declare what was on his mind.
The life of his sister was taken hostage. This match is null and void. He wanted to assert that.

?? I mean… huh? That's no good? Why?

"Eh? Eda-san? Why are you so angry? I mean, you let me win after all, so there's no way I'll do anything to your sister! What do you have to be angry about?"

Yep. It's a good thing he was such an understanding person. Is what Neito had thought.

"That's not what this is about!! You even used such a dirty bluff!! Even I won't be able to concentrate if you say somethin' like that in the middle of a match!"

Eda said that in a rage. This is bad, I think he's coming to hit me. This time, I'm so dead.
What should I do? In the first place, this person is making quite a fundamental misunderstanding.

"Lay off him, Eda!! A bluff that looks cowardly is but a single sort of strategy!! I said to fight like a member of Metallica, didn't I!!? Vicious means are fair game!!"

The supervisor held back a rampaging Eda. Yep, for now, let's run away. I did

win, for argument's sake. Yeah, let's leave it at that.

Neito left the area, and Manaka followed behind to talk to him.

"You did it! I never thought you'd be able to say something like that! Hooray! We'll have a celebration tonight!"

A bit roughly, Manaka was praising him. A little into his congratulations, Manaka spoke as if he just remembered something.

"… Hey, Neito. If… Eda had chosen to ignore what you were saying, and defeated you… what did you plan on doing?"

Eh? Even Manaka-san's saying something like that?

"? Then of course I would have inflicted harm unto his dear sister."

I flat out said that at the very start. Why is everyone acting so strange? Of course, I wouldn't want to do such a thing. So I really was glad when Eda folded like that. I mean, if it didn't go like that, I'd end up doing it for real.

Neito hadn't noticed. That the special talent he had had begun to sprout. And that normal society would never evaluate a trait as black as his.

Just What is That Person Doing?

TL: T Minus Two Hours to ToS. This may be the last update for a while.

TEORA 7: What Exactly is That Guy Doing?

From the day after Neito's practice battle with Eda, slight as it was, his work environment began to change for the better.
It wasn't a matter of wages, but mainly training. Following the results of that battle, Eda began to hold some animosity towards him, and therefore, Neito training partner was swapped out to Manaka.

It was all Neito could wish for.

"Wrong, wrong. You watching? A stun rod will disperse the same electricity no matter where you hit, so you don't need to swing it around like that. Do it with the intentions of pricking your opponent a bit."

"You'll first need some stamina if you want to fire a gun. For now, it's best you jump rope, and do some muscle training."

"Work to the best of your ability to prevent having to fight empty handed. When you've got nothing on you, it's best you grab whatever's close by. Even pebbles."

And various other bits of advice. Neito was able to learn quite a few techniques that couldn't be considered respectable. Of course, he wasn't able to gain those abilities instantly or anything. It's not like his athleticism was good to start out with, and he retained his lack of stamina. He tried with all his might to gain the basics at the level of an amateur imitating them. Strangely enough, Manaka, who was so assertive in teaching him all the technical skills, didn't' say a single thing about the thought process he should use to take action, or the right heart or anything like that.

Curious about that, Neito tried asking once.

"You don't need it. For something like that, just move how you see fit. Ah~ but if there's something I have to say, it's got to be that. We're the bottom of the pecking order, but… you should probably start thinking of what Metallica should

do with the world, and what you want to do yourself.”

Or so he answered, but I didn’t really get it. For some reason, Manaka’s expression was serious, so I gave an honest nod, and since then, I’ve begun to think over what an Evil Organization could accomplish, and what I wanted to do.

World domination? That’s a process, and a means. Not a goal… apparently.

“Maybe you won’t know it for a while. But you should go find it. If you can, then I’m sure you’ll…”

He stopped speaking there, but his words had been heavy.

Whatever the case, he was reliable, and a senior at my workplace I got along well with. With such a relation, and a training to keep him occupied, Neito felt a sense of fulfillment.
On top of carrying out odd jobs around the place, he shed sweat as he trained. That was a first for him, and while tiring things were tiresome, he got paid for it, and the feeling of learning something new every day was quite refreshing.

The workplace couldn’t be called wholesome, but even so. He felt something like the value of manual labor.
In the mornings, he even began training by himself at the riverbed.

The contents of said training: ‘practicing to fly off in a dramatic fashion, when hit, and pretending to stay down,’ ‘practicing to creep up without making sound, and take them out from behind,’ ‘practicing to dodge through rolling,’ ‘practicing to throw your jacket to take away their vision’ etcetera, truly underhanded, and all acts that, if looked upon from the side, would make one wonder what the hell the man was doing. But there was no helping it.

He even experienced some practical business dealings.
He made sure not to ask the specifics, but Neito was part of the team that transported a mysterious load to the harbor, he helped offer security for a large-scale gambling facility, and various other things.

Just once, he experienced battle. The information on one of Metallica’s research organizations was leaked to the Guardians, and they were about to barge in to investigate. That facility was small in scale, and none too special, but even so, they couldn’t just let the data within it seep to the outside, so Neito’s

team was dispatched to a point nearby.

Basically, while a different squadron was busy disposing of all the data, they had to buy time form the Guardians. There were five enemies. That was the first time Neito had ever equipped Metallica's Miscellaneous Branch's uniform, their combat clothes.

The combat uniform was a black fiber-textured track-suit like thing with partial red protectors attached around, and on top of that, a black visor-equipped mask came with it as a set.

To be honest, when he first put on the suit, meaning right before battle, Neito's tensions rose quite a bit.

"Whoooh. No matter how you look at me, I look just like a grunt for an evil organization. But it's a little cool, ain't it?"

Those were his impressions. By the way, that suit wasn't something like the reinforced suits a portion of the Rocks wore. It didn't really have anything that strengthened the body's physical ability, and it didn't heighten one's senses. It was just a little sturdy, relatively light for its durability, and that was all. IT did have knuckle guards for argument's sake, but those likely weren't going to be of much use.

But the feeling of playing the part had quite some appeal to it.

Oh, about the battle that followed, but it wasn't really anything special. Neito was tasked with moving around in the back, and launching nets to bind the enemies trying to damage his comrades.

During break and after work hours, he would eat and go out to drink. He was generally with Manaka.

"Ah~ I'm tired. The beer sure is nice."
"I'd say so."
"I really wonder what was in today's cargo~."
"Well of course, it's gots to be weapons or gold or illegally produced stuff, right?"
"Wow. That's clearly unlawful, isn't it?"

“Need you even ask? Oh, how about a shochu next?”
“Sure.”

“Today’s Gars sure were weak.”
“Not that I did anything.”
“No, no, for now, you’re faring fine.”
“No~. Ah, is it alright I order the negima?”
“Oh, go ahead, go ahead.”
(TL: Negima is a dish of tuna and onions, usually a skewer, or stew)

“Hey, you have a girlfriend?”
“…”
“H-hey?”
“There are good things and bad things to ask a person, Manaka-san. Let’s turn this around. Do you *think* I have a girlfriend?”
“… N-no, that’s…”
“I was a NEET until recently, I’m poor, none too handsome, and an otaku, and at present, I’m a low time goon for an evil organization.”
“… Sorry.”
“No, don’t mind it…”
“T-then how about that? A girl you’re interested in, or one you’re getting along well with…?”
“… There’s this girl Mayuzumi-san who’s in the same business, but…”
“O-oh!! What sort of girl!?”
“I really wonder what she’s doing right around now.”
“Oy, oy!”

It’s not like anything happened in particular. Even so, he was tired out by work and training, and continued his hardships in a work environment you couldn’t really call favored. But…

Neito didn’t find it harsh.

Such days continued to fly by.

But change is something that drops by without warning. Two months into

that, the Miscellaneous Members of the team Neito, Manaka, and Eda were in, were called out by the supervisor for some business orders.

“Tomorrow, at 17:00, we’re to stay on standby in Area B-37. Based on how things go down, combat is a possibility.”

For a standby mission, the supervisor’s face was overly tense.

“The classification given by the main branch is『R』.”

Following his words.

“!!…”

The members of Misc. were sent into shock all at once. The air suddenly turned colder.
From the Miscellaneous Handbook, Neito knew what it meant.

Classification R. It meant a mission where you could expect confrontation with the Rocks.

Rocks. They started with『Dylan』, who appeared twenty years prior. Allies of justice of unknown origin.
Some of them possessed special constitutions, others wore armor of super technology, and some even displayed superhuman abilities from the magical mysteries of some ancient ruin or another. Heroes.
Their strength was as steadfast as stone, and from their larger-than-life dispositions, they were generally termed the Rocks.

While they were usually a target of admiration, for the evil organizations that started with Metallica, they were something to fear over anything else.

“Let me explain the details.”

With twice the concentration as usual, they listened to the supervisor’s voice. Neito felt the pores on everyone’s skin contract.

※※※

What exactly is that guy doing?

It was Mia’s habit to walk her beloved dog before going off to school. Within the pure morning air, she leisurely strolled down the banks of the river.

Pulling on the leash as he wagged his tail, the happy miniature schnauzer was an important part of the day for Mia, who did some activities unusual (?) for a high school student.

On a certain day, Mia was walking her dog as she always did, when she spotted a peculiar person.
a little separated from her walking path, below the embankment closer to the river, was a man repeating quite a strange task.
And from the day she first spotted him, he was there every day without fail.

By himself, he dropped to the ground, and started rolling around. He took of his jersey, and swung it about.

??

A bit of a strange person? She thought, but that didn't seem to be the case. At times, the man would stop as if to confirm something, and scribble some memos in a notebook.

Oh, I see. He must be practicing for something. Or so she decided to take it. I mean, despite all the strange things he's doing, he expression is quite serious. Could he be pantomiming or something?

Watching him flop around the floor with a serious expression, the first thing she did was burst out laughing.

Pfff…! Just a bit of laughter.

But somehow, seeing him there every day had become a bit fun.

Hey, it looks like he's become quite good at that pantomiming(?) of his.

Mia had quite a bit of popularity among male students.
She was confessed to quite a lot.

But from her point of view, the man pantomiming by the riverbank was a type of person she didn't see around her.

He wasn't cool at all, so she didn't feel any romantic attraction, but she became somewhat intrigued.
Will he be there today~? Or so she always thought when she reached the usual spot on her walk.

Just a little, her morning walks had become a little more fun than before.

※※※

It’s Time for the Hero of Justice

TL: Dammit delayed launch!

Teora 8: It’s Time for the Hero of Justice

Neito was unaware of it. That Ikeno who joined alongside him had, as a member of the Planning Department, been left with the drafting of the plan. One week before Neito’s team was to receive the R Classified order, Ikeno was proposing an important proposition to the faces gathered.

※※

“My planning is perfect. By discarding one team of the Miscellaneous Division, the Rocks’ arrival at the scene will be delayed at least an estimated two hours. With that much time, we can…”

What Metallica was planning this time was suppression of a private research institution in the Kantou region.
The institution in question was one that had displayed extraordinary success in the field of genetic engineering, and if they could monopolize on those results, it would be possible to gain a considerable amount of power.

It was one Metallica would want to take over by all means. In order to enhance its military might, and to get control over a technique that may pave the way to world domination.

Ikeno was a new recruit, but his excellent personal record and abilities were recognized, and he was permitted to suggest a plan for the mission.

His plan went as follows.

They knew beforehand that the Rocks’『Dylan』knew of their plans to suppress the facility. It was quite likely that some interference would come on the day in question.
So there, they would leak another piece of information. That a large-scale criminal meeting was to take place in a certain area.

Of course, there were no such plan. The important part of it, was that the existence of such a meeting was to become common sense among the populace.

And there in truth, there would be a large number of Miscellaneouses stationed there. Meaninglessly.

While they would know of the high likelihood of the research facility being attacked, the allies of justice, the Rocks, wouldn't be able to leave the fake information aside without confirming it.

And for that sake, the facility and meeting site were adjacent to one another.

The hero would definitely come. There's no way they'd let it slide. Ikeno had taken that into consideration. But even if they figured out at once that the information was false, there would be those Miscs there. They should at least be able to stall for time. It was that sort of plan.

The higher-ups were reluctant, but he forcefully pushed it through. It was fine as long as it succeeded.

Ikeno put together the documents, and headed over to the General Affairs Department. One of their duties was copying and relaying decisions throughout the ompany.

"Maki-chan, please file this one."

He called out to General Affairs' Mayuzumi Maki, and handed over the papers. She had joined alongside him, of attractive face and figure, and honestly quite cute. It was a good opportunity for him to appeal to her with the hard work he put up on the forefront of the operation.

"Ah, yes…! This is…"

After accepting it with a smile, she looked over the papers, and for some reason made a dubious expression.

"Hmm? What's wrong? It's received the proper approval."

"… By this plan, the people of the Misc. Division will be…"

"Yeah. There's a chance they'll receive a little damage. But that's the Miscellaneous Division's job in itself, is it not?"

Even after he had explained it like that, Maki's expression continued to sink. Ikeno was completely unable to comprehend the reason behind that.

※※

The point Neito was stationed at for the R Classified mission was on the coast. But it was just a desolate line of warehouses without any tourist popularity.

“Manaka-san, will Dylan really come here…?”

“… Perhaps.”

The Miscellaneous members were dispersed to an extent, and they dotted the coastal area. The division had a basic premise of working in teams of two, so Neito paired with Manaka, as he waited on standby as the sun began its descent. Manaka was equipped with a rifle, while Neito carried a tranquilizer gun. Hidden in the shadows, the two of them checked over the surveillance footage, and time passed.

“… I’m sorry, man. I was opposed to having you participate in this operation, but you know…”

Manaka abruptly muttered that.

“D-don’t mind it. What are you even talking about? It’s not like death is certain or anything…! Right. When we’re done here, let’s go out drinking again.”

Manaka’s words rung out as if this was the end, so Neito frantically tried to deny them.

“… Right. Okay. Today, we’re not going to the usual oden joint. I’ll treat you to somewhere nicer!”

“Yes!…”

It was at that moment. The cameras had caught footage of a certain something. The transformation sequence was already complete.
It was the same as what he’d seen on TV.
With nuances somewhere in between mechanical armor and the exoskeleton of a living being, a pure white body. Something like a horn protruded from its forehead, and a dull luminescence surrounded its body as if you let you discern its overwhelming energy at a glance. It was like a knight of light you’d see in a fairy tale.

So there are other things like that one in this world? That was the first

generation Rocks, who protected society from the hands of evil. The incarnation of justice…
『Dylan』!

“Manaka-san! There…!”

He heard the sound of spit gulping down his throat.

“Yeah… looks like it’s time for the Hero of Justice… no helping it. Send out a notification for the other members to gather, and we’ll approach for now.”

Neitno nodded, and started moving in response.
This time’s mission was to, ‘take on Dylan– who’s likely to show up– with all your numbers. But don’t just come down at him at once. Challenge him one at a time,’ was all that came. He didn’t ask the reason.

The enemy was a mighty hero, tried and true. Could Neito and the rest of the Misc Members, who were really no more than small fries, really stand a chance of winning if they all went at it alone? Wouldn’t that just result in them being beat down one after another? In the end, it would just be biding time until their annihilation, wouldn’t it? His doubts towards the reason for the orders continued to grow, but… there was no helping it. That was Miscellaneous. The role of the lowest soldiers of an Evil Organization.

“But you won’t enter his field of vision. I’ll be the only one to directly confront him. You just stand and watch from the shadows.”

“!? That can’t…!”

“You got that!?”

Without waiting for a response, Manaka jumped from the shadows, and danced to Dylan’s front. Naito watched on from a place a little ways away.

Are you an Idiot?

TL: CommanderLoadFail

Teora 9: Are you an Idiot?

“…”

Dylan seemed to recognize the one who appeared as a villain. His eyes met with Manaka’s.

“Yo, Hero. First time I’m seeing you in the flesh, but you sure are cool. What’s up with you? You wearing something? Or did your body transform?”

“…”

“Sorry, but I was told not to let you pass.”

“…”

On Manaka’s conversational tone, Dylan didn’t react at all. He merely slowly began walking towards the man.
Dylan’s right fist emitted a light.

… I knew that one. I’ve seen it introduced before on the news programs.

A knuckle charged with energy. One of Dylan’s signature moves. Commonly called Justice Hammer. Other Rocks also used similar moves, and that attack that was now known as a sort of trademark of the group possessed enough destructive power to even demolish boulders.

“Tsk!!”

It would be the end if he drew any closer. Manaka held up the rifle in his hand, and immediately discharged it!

… But.

At the same time, Dylan began accelerating in his direction. It was faster than a leopard, and sharper than an eagle. If Dylan had gone and done an 100 meter dash, it was most definite he would achieve a speed breaking the world record by a large margin.

“… Fu-!”

… He didn’t even dodge the bullet, he deflected it to the side with a single sweep of his arm.

And.

“… Seyah!”

… To Neito, it only looked as if a flash of light was racing about.

A sound of impact reverberated in the area, and in the next instant, in the outer wall of a storehouse far behind, he confirmed the figure of a beaten Manaka.

“… Manaka… san…?”

Looking closely, the red protectors on his Miscellaneous Battle Uniform were shattered, and after falling from the wall to the floor, Manaka didn’t move in the slightest.

That can’t be.
That can’t be.
That can’t be.

In that single instant? Without the slightest portent? So that thing called the fist of justice really was something that strong?
Enough for a man who’d chosen to walk the path of evil to be demolished in the blink of an eye?

Neito couldn’t move. It wasn’t fear. The truth unfurling before his eyes was going too fast for his mind to catch up.
And Dylan’s simple presence was overwhelming.

“…”

Without confirming the result of his actions, Dylan proceeded on. And his form went out of sight.

“…! Hah! Manaka-san!?”

As if he had just been freed from paralysis, Neito ran over to manaka.

“Manaka-san!! Manaka-san!”

He lifted up his collapsed body, and called out.

“… Neito… is it…?”

Manaka’s breath was faint, and his voice sounded as if it would go out at any moment.

“Please get a hold of yourself!! Manaka-san!!”

“… I can’t… be saved…”

He could tell by looking, but still, he didn’t want to admit it.

“You can!! Manaka-san! I’m begging you!! … You said it, didn’t you!? That… that you’d take me out for a drink…!”

“… Sorry for… that…”

“Please don’t die!! Your wife and your kids are… waiting for you!!… So…!!”

Manaka’s wife had, just the other day, ran off with the kids to some other man. Even Neito knew that much, but even so.
He couldn’t remain without letting any words from his mouth.

“… You there. Good… listen…”

The first person he regarded as a senior at work gripped his hand, as he went on.

“… You have talent…”

He didn’t know what Manaka wanted to say. But if he was going to make these words his last, then they had to be heard. Neito clenched his hand as he inclined his ears to Manaka’s words.

“… Aim for Metallica’s summit. And the world…”

Neito could only listen and nod. Metallica’s summit. Could that mean to become the big boss?
So he was to become a lord of evil. Of the numerous organizations, the oldest and most powerful one. To stand at the top truly was to stand where one could demand change in the world.

“… It’s a promise. Alright…? If you see me in hell, then you’ve got to tell me… the word ‘evil’s real…”

“UWAAAAAAAAAH!!! NOOOOOooo!!!”

Manaka couldn’t lay out words to the end. Power seeped out of the hand he clenched, and his arm hung limp.

He couldn’t talk any longer.

He was dead. He had died. I had practically entered the organization just by going with the floor. The workplace was off from my expectations. And within that, he was the first to properly interact with me, and dim as it may be, the person who to point me onto my path.

I mean, I won’t say he was a good person. Of course he was a villain.

But Neito had liked Manaka. It wasn’t just battle techniques. He felt the man had taught him something precious.

And he had died.

“…”

His comrade, a grunt of an evil organization, had been vanquished by the hero protecting society.

What Manaka had left him in the end. Its meaning was one that Neito couldn’t really quite grasp. But…

He could no longer stand still. He could no longer leave things like this. Even if the path before him was too dark to see, he could only feel around for it as he preceded on.

He had wished for the world to change. He had walked forth for it. And when he did, so many things had begun to change around him.
Perhaps he it had been a mistake. But even so…

“… I am…”

Manaka left behind a ridiculously grandiose challenge, and left. I’ll have to think over it for as long as I have to press onwards.

But right now, there’s something more important.

“… Like hell I’d let it go down like this…!”

I’ll take down that Hero of Justice.

This isn't for vengeance. That's barking up the wrong tree right there. If I let that one go, then Manaka-san, and the rest of us will have been nothing but meaningless existences in the grand scheme of things. I can't forgive that.

Neito didn't actually know the reason for this mission, and he didn't know what meaning it held in the big picture. Perhaps a day would come for him to take action after learning that reason.
But for now, as a single combatant, he didn't want things to end this way.

"… I'll do it. If I'm aiming for the big bad, then this much is…"

I'll even fight your Hero of Justice.

It was the same sensation as back then. No, even stronger than that. Stronger than when he had threatened Eda into victory.

Neito discarded the uniform and protectors over his body. He was wearing a T-Shirt and khakis below. He tossed his uniform into the ocean, and stuffed the tranquilizer gun he had from the start into the space between his pants and him.

"I'll be borrowing this, Manaka-san."

He went on to take the Rifle Manaka had, and…

"Stop!!! Don't shoot!! Please, spare my life!!"

Neito screamed out in a loud voice, before touching the gunpoint to his own left arm. With an exceedingly calm state of mind, he wrung out wrung out resolve from the whole of his body, and quietly pulled the trigger.

A gunshot resounded in the area.

The round gouged out the flesh of his arm.

"UWAAAAAAAAH!!!!"

It hurt just as much as he had expected. The pain caused him to roll across the ground.

"… Aaaah… Gwaaaaaaah!!"

He hadn't his a vital. But a vehement pain raced across his body.

It's no good. Rolling around in pain is good an all. But that should be an act, shouldn't it?

Contain it. The pain, contain the anguish.

“…”

He gritted his teeth hard enough it felt his molars would snap. And he endured.

He’ll come. That guy will come. He’ll surely come. Because that one is a Hero of Justice after all.

The seconds of eternity he spent holding back the pain. Within his fading consciousness, in the corner of his vision, he saw him. Dylan.

A white warrior. He knew he would return. Because the hero would be certain there was no one here but Metallica’s members and himself. And so who was there to scream? Did a civilian wander in by chance? Or so he would think.

“… Hah… hah…”

Conveniently enough, blood had begun to spread out from the spot on his arm, making the wound look more severe than it was.

“!! Why…! Are you alright!? Sir!?”

He came at once. As expected. And Dylan undid his transformation to help Neito up.

Well of course. The transformed state had that much power in its body. There’s no way he’d lift up a heavily injured person with that. If handled poorly, he could fracture bones without the slightest intent. I do believe there was an incident like that quite a while ago.

“Sir!? Get a hold on yourself…! Why did this…”

Hmm. So he’s a cool, hard-boiled old man with the transformation off? I was sure he’d be a young handsome schmuck, but when you think about it, he did become active more than twenty years ago.

“… You can’t remain here. There are… Metallica soldiers… they suddenly shot at me…! I’m sure they’re still around…”

“It’s alright now! I’ll take you to the hospital at once…!”

The arm that lifted his body. It was strong and warm.

Ah, as expected, this guy really is a nice person. Well of course. By himself, he’s

been fighting on for the sake of everyone, hasn't he. But you see.

"The hospital can wait. After you've taken a good punch or two."

His expression suddenly changed as he said that.

"Wha…!?"

Without a moment's delay, Neito drew the tranquilizer at his waist, and pushed it against Dylan's chest.

"Bang."

He immediately fired.

A surprise attack at point blank. He had removed his transformation, and he didn't even take a defensive stance. Metallica's signature tranquilizer round that could take down large game in a single shot had hit the Hero straight on.

"…! Y…ou…!! Were… Metal..lica…?"

Dylan unsteadily separated form Neito, and with unsteady footing, he breathed his mind.

"Yeah. That's right. As expected of a hero. You can still move after that?"

"… Damn… you. Underhan… ded…"

"Are you an idiot? I'm a flat out villain here. What's wrong with me doing bad things?"

Neito himself helt he would pass out from the pain, but he frantically withheld it, and showed off a fearless smile.

"…"

"How 'bout it? Is the medicine working? Now sweet dreams. After you're down, me and my comrades will leisurely finish you off."

He always had to show off composure. As an underhanded schemer who'd planned it all out.

"… Kuh."

Dylan squeezed out his strength, and ran off from the spot. HE had taken something that would knock out an elephant, so I never thought he would be

able to run. What's more, the bugger's freakin' fast. His movements, and the speed at which he decided to give up battle and flee.

"… So I couldn't… bring him down…"

His stamina at its end from his loss of blow, Neito fell onto the ground. The sun had already set.
He instantly relaxed his mind. He was horridly tired.

"… Manaka… san…"

In the desolate quay, Neito whispered, and passed out.

※※

On that day, Metallica's other detachment was able to promptly suppress the research facility as planned. Without any interference from Dylan.

A single Miscellaneous newbie had confronted Dylan, and let alone surviving, he had even managed to repel him. It didn't take long for such news to spread around within the company.

I’ll Walk

TL: CommanderLoadFail

Teora 10: I’ll Walk

When Neito regained consciousness, he was in one of Metallica’s affiliate medical facilities. After the battle had ended, his Miscellaneous comrades had carried him there, apparently. His injuries included nothing but the gunshot to his arm. He had passed out from blood loss, and other than that, he hadn’t received any major damage.

He could be discharged in a relatively short time, apparently, and he had done quite well this time around. Exceptional results for Misc… Sorry about Manaka. Don’t let it get you down. The Misc Supervisor who came to see him explained as such, and had just left the hospital room not too long ago.

“…”

So those events really weren’t a dream. The battle at the unpopular quay, the power of a hero you could even call overwhelming, the shot in the dark from my desperate mind. And Manaka’s death.

“… Dammit…”

Employment exam, deployment, miscellaneous, company. The organization’s structure was just like that of a normal company, but there was no mistake the place Nieto worked was not normal. Perhaps its members had purposely organized it that way to inhibit the enterprise’s abnormality. Neito absentmindedly thought over it. If he turned his thoughts towards something else, perhaps he could drive out the sentiment in his heart, or so he wondered.

After a while of that, an abrupt knock came at the door to the room.

“…? Yes?”

“Good day. May I… enter?”

The one who peeper her head through the doorway was fellow recruit Maki.

“Maki-san…? Why are you here?”

Perhaps today was a day off, as she was wearing a fluttery one piece.

“Yes. I learned about your condition from the workers’ compensation insurance form, so…”

Make was holding some flowers. Does that mean she just came to pay a visit? Why would she do that? Because we were fellow interviewees? Working adults sure have it rough. Or so Neito thought.

“I see.”

Maki was stationed in General Affairs. I’m sure they get information like that going through them as well. She probably knows of how Manaka died in battle as well.

“Ah, here. Some flowers… Is it alright if I arrange them?”

As she said that, she produced a sack containing a vase from her bag, ans started laying the flowers in it.

“… Sorry. For having you go out of your way when you finally got a day off.”

The beauty who had joined the company alongside him paid a sick visit. Normally, it would be a happening to make him grin from ear to ear, but he didn’t feel such an urge at the moment.

“No. I was free after all! You don’t have to worry about it!”

Maki finished up the flowers before shaking her hands in an exaggerated gesture.

“… Thank you.”

“You’re welcome. Even so, that was amazing! Neito-kun. It’s being talked about even at the main branch!”

Perhaps she was trying to cheer him up, as she was speaking in quite an energetic tone.

“A newcomer repelled a Rocks, what’s more, that Dylan of all people! They’re saying! It’s amazing! What’s the matter?”

“…”

“… I’m… sorry.”

In a complete change, Maki made a sullen expression.
No, that's fine. It's not like I'm mad at her or anything. I'm quite happy for her consideration. Really happy. So I guess I can at least give off some empty spirit myself.

"R-right! I wonder if they'll raise my salary or something~?"

"… Ah haha. That's right. There's a chance you'll get a nice bonus!"

"Hooray!"

"Good job!"

And for a while following, he received a report on the present state of things, and chatted about some completely irrelevant television programs.

Just a little, his mood had become lightened. Maki surely came to make sure he didn't become depression, or so he understood it. To a coworker whom she didn't hold particular affection for or anything, for her to be so considerate… On top of being a cutie, she's a nice person to boot? That's amazing.

Or so his thoughts turned.

"Ah… I've kept you a while. I apologize. It's not good if it has an impact on your recovery, so it's about time I went."

"Alright. Thank you for today."

Exchanging those words, Maki stood to leave.

"Hey, you know."

He wanted someone to hear it. So the words came from his mouth.

"Hmm? What is it?"

"… I had this really good superior at the office, you see? A really, really good one."

"… Yes."

Maki looked straight at him, and nodded. Her wide eyes looked as if they clouded over a little.

"That superior told me. 'Aim for Metallica's Summit. It's a promise, alright?' he

said.”

“… Yes.”

The summit of Metallica. Big talk for an underling combatant. Would she laugh at it, he wondered, but Maki answered with a serious face.

“Right now, I still don’t know what that would mean, but I… it may sound stupid…”

To Metallica’s summit. The crown of evil.
The sentiment to change the world. Those weren’t a lie. And at the end of this path may be a power to make such a change possible.

What sort of thing was the world I wanted to make? It was still faint. But I’m sure I’ll catch sight of it if I keep going down the path.

If I continue following evil, there will surely be some things I’ll end up breaking. I’ll surely have to go against ‘justice’. I’ll surely have to shoulder much work. Does a man who just kinda joined at a whim really have the resolve for anything like that?

The answer was a given. It was surely something that Manaka’s end was a catalyst for.
So. As sad and regretful I am to Manaka’s death, there’s no way I could just stop in my tracks.

“I’m thinking of walking up to Metallica’s summit.”

Neito declared that in a quiet voice.

And to such a man, Maki did not laugh.

Two Shochus Please

TEORA 11: Two Shochus please.

Neito was able to get discharged in four days, and in the following week, he was able to go back to the backstreet factory that was his Miscellaneous Branch.

Should I start training for now? He thought, but two days after his reinstatement, he received a summons from the supervisor. It was the first time such a thing had happened since he was first stationed there.

“Pardon me.”
“Don’t mind it. Take a seat.”

He was prompted to sit on the old chair in the supervisor’ office. The man’s expression looked to be somewhat nervous.

“Did something happen?”

“Yeah. I was just a little surprised! No, I’m sure you… you’ll be too!”

He had been nervous just a moment before, but he suddenly burst into delight. Neito couldn’t understand his actions in the slightest.

“??

“Ah… ehem! Komori Neito-kun!””

“Yes?”

He purposefully cleared his throat, what’s more, it felt quite strange being called with my first hame. I mean, he usually just went oy, Komori!! Or something like that.

“An unofficial announcement for you. From next week onwards, we will be having you transferred to the Second Sales Department of the Main Company.”

“Huh?”

It was a term the recent NEET Neito had little familiarity with, but he knew what it meant. An unofficial announcement was a message from the people in personnel affairs.

“The Second… Sales Department?”

“Right!! For someone to transfer from Miscellaneous to the main company, you’re the first!! It’s an exceptional announcement!! Rejoice!! Your work in repelling Dylan has been recognized!”

An excited supervisor. On the other side, it didn’t really feel real to Neito.

Sales Department. Once again, it sounded like a normal subsection of a normal company, but of course, its contents would be different. As I thought, are the purposely naming them like this?

The Sales Department, as its name suggested, took care of… selling. But it’s not like they barged into places to demand the selling of certain items, nor did they prostrate themselves before business clients, or hand up posters to advertise the merchandise of the organization (Though there’s a time and place for such duties as well).

What they sold could be summed up as evil deeds. What they sold them to was the world. With the schemes drafted up by the Planning Department as a base, they were the ones who carried out the invasion plans on a large scale.

Unlike his other post in the Misc Division that was pretty much there for odd jobs, it was given an extent of authority, a knowledge of the meaning behind each plan, and based on the situation, it could even give orders to mysterious beings.

Just like the Sales Department of a standard company, it was left to the forefront of the battlefield, and it demanded a level of results. I guess that’s the only sense Metallica’s Sales Department shares a similarity with them in.

To summarize, they were Metallica’s task force.

That was the level of understanding new recruit Neito had on them, but thinking of the wall he had always felt between himself and the main company, it could be considered a great leap forward none the less.

He had never learned the purpose of his actions, and was arbitrarily ordered around like a sacrificial pawn; an inferior environment of manual labor, authority that could be equated to nothing at all. That was the general position, the Miscellaneous Department

Going over to the main company would mean he would be working in the proximity of members with regular positions. Even if his salary remained as general level, it wouldn't change the fact he would be doing a regular's work. An entirely different position from before should be waiting for him.

"…OH What's up!? Could it be you don't want to transfer!?"

Watching Neito silently thinking to himself, the supervisor hurriedly called out.

So Neito answered with a smile.

"Surely you jest. I'll transfer with pleasure."

"Oooh!! Of course! Great!"

Of course I'll move on. I'll take a step forward.

"Kuh. You sure have it nice. I want to transfer someday too."

The supervisor complained. Perhaps those were his real feelings. But Neito answered in a joking tone.

"If I get a promotion, I'll reform the Misc's reception. I'll make it a workplace with more motivations."

"Oy, oy. You sure have some leisure to be joking around like that. Well, I'll be here waiting with relatively low expectations."

Joking? Far off. I'm serious here. It's best the manual labor environment of the Miscellaneous Division be changed.

"Hahaha."

But that isn't just for the sake of the people in it. It's for Metallica as a whole. Because this is an environment that forces its members to believe they don't need to produce results.

Leaving the supervisor's room, Neito returned to his business. The expectations for his transfer were gradually building up in his body.
Transfer. Authority. Main company.
Ah, I see, moving over there means I may get to talk to Maki more frequently. Oh right, Ikeno too.

His heart was restless. He couldn't calm himself down.

After finishing up his work, he cleaned up the workspace. And after confirming that no one else remained, Neito shouted out.

“I did it~!!!!”

He was delighted for the first in a long time. And joy is still joy after all.

And after that was over with, he headed to his usual oden stand. He knew he had to go there.

He didn’t have anyone to sit next to him today, but still.

“Excuse me, two shochus over here, please.”

“Two? … Ah, I see…”

The shop owner quietly poured two glasses, passing them off to Neito and the seat beside him.

“…It looks like I’m going to be transferred. So for now, I think I’ll see how far I can go.”

“… But I won’t forget.”

“I’ll surely never forget.”

“… Thank… you…”

To the airspace void of a conversation partner, Neito raised his glass.

Right, do your best.

He got the feeling such a voice came along with the clinging sound of glass, but still he saw no one there.

Neito cried a little.

Because sorrow was still sorrow after all.

My Darling over Papa

TL Notes: Hi guys, I found this master piece and saw that the English translations were only up to the first arc. I decided to share to you the Chapters of the Second arc.Note that this is just a rough translation and some sentences may make no sense. I made as reader friendly as possible and if it makes no sense just skip it.Actual conversations are enclosed in [] while the MC's thoughts are in "". Have fun reading. Cheers!

-Daikyun

My Darling over Papa

Neito was going to transfer to Metallica's Main Office: Second Sale Department. It was located under the building where He first took his recruitment exam.

By the looks of it, the main office was underneath the building and the building above was just a cover to divert suspicion.

[I'll be transferring to the sales department today. My name is Komori Neito and I'll be in your care from now on. A pleasure to meet you all.]

Without delay, He was given a tour of the department's office. Artificial lights made the office bright even though they were underground.

For an evil organization, the office seemed normal, like the ones you would see in any company.

An enormous screen was placed in the middle of the room, feeding in images of the outside world.

"Damn", he thought, "the amount of stress in this office is too damn high".

[Yes, you proved to be proficient in your previous department, did you not Mr. Komori? I know you just transferred here, but I want to you to give your undivided effort in working here. Your desk is over there. Use it to its full extent and don't hesitate to ask anyone for help.]

The Department Chief seems like a nice guy.

Unlike in the past, He had his own desk with his own workload. The office's spaciousness surprised him but it was the Department Chief that surprised him the most.

He mentioned earlier that his name was Izumi.

If he remembered correctly, he once saw him on T.V. … He was a well known politician, always wearing an expensive looking suit matching his silver hair. He was often called "The Roman Grey Politician" by the public.

[I see…. Metallica is "that" kind of Organization…] Neito thought.

After Izumi introduced Neito and gave him a tour of the office, some of the staff greeted him, while some went back to their own work.

An elite looking old man, an antisocial looking guy and a tall African-American, No matter where he looked, none of them seemed like a guy you could trust.

Gulp… Neito anxiously swallowed his saliva. It was as if in any moment, he would e pounded into cake in seconds.

I'll somehow manage this…

It was in that moment…

[Whoa! There you are *Nate*!]

The voice didn't come from near him. It sounded off as a light mellifluous voice and It was heard throughout the entire floor.

[??]

He saw an unfamiliar young woman near the entrance.

The young woman had platinum blonde hair and blue eyes…

Now that you mention it, her Japanese intonation was kinda off… She must be a foreigner.

Tying her hair in a ponytail, she wore a short neat miniskirt and she had a smooth fair skin with a baby like face. She looked very tender and gorgeous… though her chest had surprisingly great volume.

In other words, she was a cheerful young woman. What she stuck out to Neito because he a thing for lolis… He got weirded out.

[??]

Huh? Did she just call out to me? Who is this girl anyway?

Neito didn't recognize her one bit. Panicking, He looked at Izumi for answers.

[Oh… I'm sorry Komori-kun. I'll explain it later. For now, take care of her please…?]

Izumi went on to check on other the staff, looking troubled.

[Hmm… You look normal-ish *Nate*! I thought you were some kind of amazing buff guy, though I wouldn't say that I dislike you. (Smile)]

The young lady steadily approached Neito staring him down with her deep blue eyes.

Whoa, looking at her closely, she's a real beauty. And what is this 'you're that guy' thing?

[Oh—Ummm… Hello there. I'm Komori Neito, Nice to meet you…]

She didn't look like it but maybe she was one of the Sales Department's staff…

Neito thought about it for a while.

[Hmmm? What happened? Are you nervous?]

[Well… No… Hahaha…]

I don't know who the heck you are, but give me a break! I'm still a virgin…

Up until this point in life, Neito wasn't really good at dealing with girls. In Mayu's case, she was just considerate towards a fellow co-worker and was just giving him a hand.

Now this blonde girl appears out of nowhere…

Neito didn't know what to do anymore.

It's true that in the past few months, He was only surrounded by men of all age. Now this girl comes in and starts getting close to him.

He was more confused and troubled than ever.

Neito didn't have a choice but give out a faint laugh.

[Anice is *Nate's* assistant. There's no need for you to be nervous!]

She pronounced the word "*assistant*" with such native accent.

Oh god, help me

Neito came in the most Neito way possible to the Sales Department with strong resolve. And now this resolve was broken down easily by this young woman.

[Assistant? Huh? What the–?]

Neito looked at Izumi, who was coming back to them.

[… Will you come with me for a second?]

[Sure…]

[What's happening? Anice also wants to come!]

[No… could you… please wait over there?]

[Whyyy?]

Neito was slightly bothered when he noticed Izumi was talking to Anice in a respectful tone, but he shook it off and went on to the other room as instructed.

[… Who is that woman?]

[Hmm… Well, as she said, she's your assistant from now on… We'll be taking care of her for a while… just think of it as her part time job.]

[Wut?]

His head full of questions; he said it without meaning to.

First of all, why the heck does Metallica allow part timers? Second, who the heck is that blonde girl? Lastly, why the heck would the organization give an assistant to a new guy? There's also the Department Chief's behavior when he's near her…

[…This is just between us okay…? Anice is actually the daughter of Crimson's CEO…]

[Wut?!]

Daughter of the CEO? If I'm right, CEO means something like the owner of the

company right?

Neito reacted so loud; other people noticed it outside the room.

Crimson is an Organization that's the same as Metallica, considered as one of the "Evil Organizations". They're based off in California, but recently, they focused their activities in New York.

If Metallica boasts in man-power, Crimson boasts in technology and weaponry. Crimson develops "Jacket Armors" using cutting edge technology and distributed them abroad. They are considered as the "Manufactures for Evil" and were particularly well known in Metallica.

Controlling multiple mafias and gangs abroad, they were considered as an international threat. In other words, it wasn't an Organization you want to cross with.

… That was common knowledge for Neito. Heck, even an ordinary civilian would know that.

[Listen, it's unofficial, but Metallica and Crimson have agreed on a joint venture… think of it as sharing our ideas with a fellow company… As for our situation, higher ups agreed that it would be good to build up trust from within…]

[… Is that so?]

Neito didn't know the dangling wed of affairs Metallica was having.

[And then that Miss Anice? Well, I kind of get the situation, but was it necessary for them to send the CEO's daughter? Then there's the case of her being my assistant…]

Neito simply didn't know what it meant. He was just a new guy in the company. A misfit in the lower department, and now he's getting an assistant. Why the heck would the higher ups do that?

[After all we are dealing with the Crimson CEO's daughter. We weren't in a position to decline them and it seems like Crimson's boss gave in to his daughter's selfish request. If you want to know more, ask her yourself]

[Whaa—That might be…]

[Also, think of it for a moment, if anything happens to her, by any chance, it would cause a huge problem for our part.]

Neito immediately knew what he meant. If something were to happen to her, No doubt, it would be Metallica versus Crimson. An all out war would begin.

[Hello!]

The door opened and Anice's head peeked in.

[Oh, Hello]

After Neito answered, Anice came in and immediately sat beside Neito.

[Did you know that I personally requested to be your assistant?]

[It seems…that way…]

[What's with that tone? C'mon be honest with me.]

Even if you say that, if I even anger Crimson's boss, my head would be off my head before I even notice

She really did wish to be her assistant. Neito didn't know what to do. Neito then started to ask her discretely.

[Well… yes… Then, can I ask you something?]

[Sure! What is it?]

Having eye contact would be bad for me. Oh god her fair skin is already bad enough for me

[Why did you want to be my assistant?]

In regard with that question, Anice held her laugh and answered with confidence.

[Because *Nate* is cool and tough looking. And also, I know you're a *Bad Boy*…]

What the heck is she saying?

Neito couldn't hold on much longer.

[No no no no no! What the heck are you saying? I'm not a tough guy!]

[?… Oh you're gonna do it that way huh? A samurai always does that… *Nate*

looks helpless and weak, but in reality…]

This is bad. I'm not getting through her. Why the heck is she starting at me with those admiring eyes? In the first place, not all Japanese are samurai!

[No no no no! You got me all wrong here!]

[Hmmm… but I know you fought Dylan and won!]

[I did not win… that was just… well…]

Does she even know the specifics? Just because she's the daughter of Crimson's CEO, doesn't give her the right to know the happenings within Metallica. The story probably changed as it was passed down from one person to another. Gratifying his small feat and turning it into a huge victory. What the heck is the intelligence department doing? Fuck them.

It wasn't avoidable that he took the interest of Crimson's boss which he never even met.

[Because my Papa said "Your darling should be stronger and more sinister than Me or I won't approve of him!" That's also why I never had a lover in my life… *Nate*, my Papa seems to approve of you.]

Now that's just scary. Every guy Anice got close to got annihilated because her Father didn't approve them. What kind of person is stronger and more sinister than Crimson's boss?" Neito reflected for a while and thought "In the whole world, I can only think of 3 guys…

Wait a second; did she just call me her Darling??

Neito thought of it for a moment, but as time went on he became more confused.

[And did you know? Ever since I was little, I studied a lot of things. I'm proficient and strong at it! I think I would be of great use to you *Nate*!]

Well that was very obvious. She's probably a genius of some sort. I reckon she's probably stronger than me… Now that you mention it, she's really proficient in Japanese. Well, she's a genius after all… what should I expect?

He just couldn't say it out loud…

[Yeah… well, I understand…]

[Yeah! Nice to meet you Darli—I mean *Nate*!]

Although Anice halfway through said Darling, Neito decided he shouldn't touch the topic anymore.

Then he reflected for a moment. He can't do much at His situation; at least He should look on the bright side. Which, he had 2 things going for him.

One; he is happy. No matter how complicated his situation was, it was the first time a girl fancied him. Not to mention that she's a beautiful young lady, and He's honestly happy for that part, even though if he screwed up, his head would pop off his neck without notice… But then it's something.

Two; He thought of it for a while, but it would be probably be the first time in his entire life that he would meet a person as sincere as Anice.

At this point, maybe Her as His assistant didn't seem such a bad thing…

[Well then, Nice to meet you too Anice.]

After Neito said that, Anice started giggling as if she was embarrassed, but there was a tone of appreciation behind it.

[Yeah! But first, let's head to the cafeteria for lunch!]

With her bight smile and cheerful attitude, Neito looked at her and thought to himself

Maybe I'm now really a bad guy…

Perhaps it’s too great to Bear on my Hands

(Daikyun Notes:Its a Rough translation. If it doesn’t make sense, skip it. Thought have been italicized Grammar. Japanese Grammar is enough to drive a Grammar Nazi beyond crazy.) **Perhaps it’s too great to Bear on my Hands**

[Ha-!]

Neito woke up in his hard bed, drenched in cold sweat.

[A dream of that moment again … I thought those dreams were over.]

This time, He dreamt of the time they were briefed in and started heading out. It really was an excruciating night.

[Oh shit. I’m going to be late]

Neito wasn’t going be depressed over that dream. He went on to work at the office as usual.

[Good Morning…]

After a few months in, He was already getting used to having a social life, to the point that he could greet his coworkers with ease.

[Oh, Good Morning…]

[…Yeah]

[Let’s put in our best effort today!]

Each of his coworkers replied to him differently.

[Aa! There you are *Nate*! Good Morning! Intelligence department is having a briefing today at 11 AM.]

Among all things, He was grateful for his assistant. He was grateful, but the situation he was in was still messed up as hell.

He’s a little happy. No, He is VERY happy for being able to meet such a girl. Her bright cheerful tone always greets him every morning… If only she was a girl he

accidentally met in the bustling city, with a normal father, things could've been better.

[Good Morning…Thanks as usual.]

[Hehehe—. You're welcome. Fufufu—.]

For some reason, she was in a good mood today. He wanted to ask her why, but his shift was starting. Neito immediately went on to work.

Work in the Sales Department was mostly paperwork as expected. To sum it all up, it was just reading reports and articles, making and planning appropriate decisions, then sending and informing other departments. They weren't required to go out and fight on the front lines.

Neito wasn't used to paperwork, so at first he struggled to get the work done. It's not like he wasn't struggling now, but the amount of paperwork to be done was too damn high.

Seeing the work ahead of him, he strengthened his resolve, eager to finish it as fast as possible. No sooner than later, Izumi called him into his office.

He entered the room and immediately sat down on the sofa.

[Did something happen?]

[Yes… I have a few questions for you]

[Yes…?]

[About that plan you drew up the other day… What does this plan mean? The orders were to eliminate the Guardian Squadron situated on the fort at map coordinate C22, but your plan involves attacking an area away from the designated coordinates… Do you mind explaining?]

Izumi pointed at the plans he drew.

What if he won't forgive me for drawing up such a plan?

[Yes. In regards with that… C22 is a formidable position, attacking it head on would be futile. But the order still stands…]

[Then why?]

[C22 is as I said, a formidable position. Attacking it would prove to be our

disadvantage… unless we draw them out. I propose that we sabotage a nearby area, destroying multiple buildings and causing a panic among the citizens. It might be small scale, but it would draw out the Guardians in C22 hoping to help the people and control the situation. Once they are out, it is when we can attack them.]

[What if… They won't come out to aid the citizens?]

[They WILL come out. I know, that there is no Guardian heartless enough to cast away those who are in need. If we can't draw them out, we might as well broadcast the screams of the people to the Guardians…]

[I understand… But, for this plan to work, it would involve us attacking an unrelated area, does it not?]

Neito understood at that moment, that it was Izumi's way of checking if He was willing to take the responsibility for the plan He drew up.

For a moment, he hesitated.

Metallica would definitely get a bad reputation over this…but what about it? Metallica is an Evil Organization. What could they expect? Metallica is prepared to do what ever it takes to achieve their goal, even if the actions to be done are inhumane.

[Yes, we need to sabotage a different area.]

Neito answered in a calm and controlled voice.

[That's a cruel way of executing a plan…

Well, and order is an order. I'm sure that such measures taken would be forgiven.

That's all. You can go now.]

[Thank you…]

Izumi is wrong. I know that my plan could not be forgiven by the company. What is bad is bad. And what is destroyed is destroyed. There's now way they could forgive me for drawing up such a messed up plan.

Neito couldn't put it out into words. He went out Izumi's office silently.

****

After Neito went out his office, Izumi thought to himself for a while.

His decision making skills… are different from the others. He doesn't hesitate to make plans that violate basic human morality.

I doubt I could've thought of such plan… Even if I did have the idea, I doubt it would be as cruel and complex as Neito's…

He is fast and efficient in his work, and he is cruel enough to be promoted to the Operations and Planning Department.

Call it what you may, but He has this evil aura surrounding him. Calling it potential would be too much…He really is a person to look out for…

I doubt that this talent would be recognized… We're in Metallica after all.

Perhaps it's too great to bear on my hands… I might lose to Him easily

Izumi gave a sigh and took a sip at his coffee.

Next Chapter: Hey, did the Air Around you just Change?

Hey did the Air Around you just Change?

(Daikyun Notes:Hey Guys, sorry for the late chapter. Enjoy) **Did The Air Around You Change?**

Neito finally got to eat lunch alone. He ate curry in the company's cafeteria alone.

Anice usually calls out "Lets have lunch *Nate!*" everyday, and accompanies Him during lunch, but she wasn't with Him today.

Despite Her looks, she was a sincere and serious person. Today, She had an errand to run in the Department.

She's way younger than me, but she's got a good grip on life than me. She's always bright and cheerful… if only Her Father wasn't the Boss of Crimson, things could've been better.

Maybe I could try to sweet talk her… No, no, no, no…

Just thinking about made Him all red. He was about to scoop another spoonful from his plate when He saw someone familiar bringing his lunch plate, walking towards Him.

[Komori…?]

[Aa, It's you Ikeno… It's been a while.]

It was his all handsome coworker, Ikeno. They haven't met each other since the recruitment exam. Neito heard that Ikeno was assigned to the Operations and Planning Department (*As expected*).

[Hey… Did the Air around You change?]

Ikeno asked Neito, suspiciously looking at Him.

[I don't know… it still hasn't been a year. Maybe I've changed]

[I heard that you were transferred from the General Affairs Department to the Sales Department]

[…Yeah]

[I never thought I would see you in the main office… but that's great for you huh?]

[Yeah, Thanks]

Ikeno stood while talking with Neito, but after a while, he noticed he was standing out among the crowd. Nobody sat near Neito so Ikeno sat across him and began eating. I'd like to mention that he was having Carbonara for lunch. (Note: It was said in first person towards the audience) [By the way, did you hear? There's a meeting going to be held later in the afternoon.]

Ikeno's words… it may not seem like it, but he's talking to as if he's trying to mock me [Meeting? Oh yeah, it was on my schedule a while back]

One of Neito's plans was approved a few days ago, and a meeting was to be held on how to defeat the Guardians. The meeting involved capturing one of Metallica's enemy, "Beetle", alive to attain the Rocks Organization's technology. The technology would prove to be useful, if they can analyze and exploit its weakness, aiding Metallica in their conquest.

[Oh yeah, it's a joint meeting between the Operations and Planning Department, and the Sales Department right? I heard that we're going to be tackling on how to deal with Beetle]

Ikeno looked surprised upon hearing those words.

[Wow… you seem to be in touch with the higher-ups in your Department… They even let you in the topic of the meeting.]

Maybe he's also an underling in the Operations and Planning Department… I doubt our experience would differ since I'm from the Sales Department.

In a few words, Neito was always jealous of Ikeno.

[No… it's because I'm attending that meeting]

[What?! You?! You've got to be kidding me]

[Nah, I got invited a while back. Though, It's my first meeting ever since I entered this company.]

In planning against the Guardians, any form of Intel was needed. Neito had experience in fighting one of them, so Izumi invited him into the meeting.

[Is that so… I'll be in that meeting too]

[Then, It'll be our first time working together. Let's do our best.]

[Oh…Yeah…]

For now, Neito wanted to stop talking about work. He saw the opportunity to talk with Ikeno casually but…

[I'm done *Nate*! Hey, can I come over there?!]

A cheerful voice sounded off away from him. It took no effort at all to recognize his assistant calling out.

She looked like a high school student, but she looked beautiful with the light illuminating her blonde hair. She tied her hair in a ponytail and approached Neito and Ikeno with an air of delight.

[You're having Curry again? That's not healthy *Nate*… You won't get that proper nutrition from that dish alone. Hmm? Who's this guy?]

[He's my coworker, Ikeno. He's a handsome guy, isn't he?]

Anice stared at Ikeno for a while… Then averted her eyes from him.

[Yeah, you're handsome, but my darl–]

[Oh snap! I ran out of sauce… Would you mind getting some for me Anice?]

He managed to make an excuse, but he said too loud and attracted other people's attention.

It would be bad if Ikeno knew about our situation.

[Hmm? Sure. You're really hopeless *Nate…*]

Anice went on to get some sauce.

[…]

[…]

There was an awkward silence between them, but Ikeno soon broke the silence.

[Anyway, we have a meeting this afternoon and I'll be in charge of the planning. I doubt we'll need you there but, you should come and listen just in

case. I really hope that the Sales Department wouldn't bring the Plan down.]

[Yeah…I'll do that]

Ikeno then stood up and left.

Neito wasn't dumb enough not to notice it. He knew Ikeno was making fun of him, and it was very obvious. He couldn't do anything now…

But,

Neito didn't care. What was important to him, was fulfilling the task given.

He wasn't strong enough as Anice said so, and He may not have the potential as Manaka said… Even so, He'll do it. That's all there is to it.

Then and there, Neito wanted to look cool for once. It wasn't like he was confident that he was going to do it, and he wouldn't say that he had the confidence to proclaim it out loud. It was just that, for once he wanted to look cool for himself.

He said in a small but firm voice.

[I have no plans to remain the same, and act below you Ikeno]

Hahaha

Maybe I sounded too cool…

At that moment…

[That right *Nate*! Crush that Ikeno to ashes!]

[Waaa-stop listening to me! Forget what I just said!]

Anice appeared out nowhere, smiling and bringing sauce with her. She sat beside Neito with an air of delight.

Next Chapeter: "Of Course."

(Daikyun Notes:Any suggestions for a new project?)

Of Course.

/*Notes: Sorry for late update. The thing about this chapter is that, it goes back and forth between first person and third person. I made it as much as possible to be reader friendly, but there maybe some errors. Point them out if you can. *Currently Hiring Grammar Nazis*/

+Comments are in/*Example Comment*/don't mind them.

+Neito's thoughts are italicized.

Of Course

The meeting's topic was simple. Capture and take hold of the Rocks Organization's research facility. Securing the facility would provide them some information and data on Beatle's High Tech Armor "Harrison".

Beatle was a member of the Rocks Organization, one of the defenders of Justice. Beatle was different from the others with his High Tech Armor, and is well known among the population.

Beatle's Armor "Harrison, uses plasma energy to enhance his battle capabilities, using thrusters and boosters. This made his movements faster and much more deadly.

Normally, Metallica would have also dispatched some power armor to match Beatle, but this time, it was impossible. Beatle's "Harrison" was too advanced for the Company's standard armor.

A while back, when Beatle's fame began rising, "Harrison" was deemed too dangerous to fall into enemy hands. The Rocks Organization then ordered the research to be classified so the project went underground.

If you think about it, the meeting should be simple. Plan, Assign and Execute.

Neito expected the meeting to progress smoothly, but it dragged on longer than expected.

[With that, we'll be sending C rank employee and 10 combatants from the General Affairs Department. I think that's enough to infiltrate and capture the facility.]

Ikeno, who headed the meeting, was too focused on details. It was just… a waste of time.

[We only need 1 person to secure the files and armor. After the infiltration, he will head to west Japan and deliver the data and armor to our R&D Department. As long as Beatle is not there, there should be no problem.]

Ikeno's nerves were already twitching from the meeting.

It's true… if Beatle won't be there, that force should be enough. But…

Neito disagreed with the idea.

[Lets not waste unnecessary resource on destroying structures, instead, lets keep our attack force small. We will have the element of surprise on our side when we capture the facility.

That concludes my plan. Any objections?]

As Ikeno looked for reaffirmation. People who participated in the meeting were already agreeing among themselves. As long as there's a unit to capture the facility, then they would just approve since they had no part in it. The plan was simple and was rather "too peaceful".

But Neito was against the plan.

It's true that it was the first time Neito participated in a meeting, and He may be inexperienced at these things. But…

Neito voiced out.

[I'm… against the plan.]

Everybody at once looked at Neito. One of them, Ikeno, replied with a jokingly tone.

[Hahaha…Hey Komori, nobody asked for your opinion.]

Metallica's planning committee, and its participants in the meeting were no amateurs, they were professional in their specialized field, but most of all, they

were evil people. The pressure they are facing is huge but, Neito couldn't let them cut corners on this plan.

[Actually, let us hear your opinion Komori]

It was the Sales Department's Chief, Izumi, who came to his aid.

Neito then continued.

[… We should destroy the facility completely. Not only will this create panic within the facility, but we can use this as a diversion to secure the data.]

[What!?]

The room was suddenly baffled by the idea. I mean Neito got it. It was the direct opposite of the plan. The plan was just to stealthily infiltrate the facility and secure the data, avoiding unnecessary fights. Not only did the infiltration unit lack the force to fight, but the enemy might have a hidden weapon they can use against the infiltrators.

[Would you mind… explaining Komori?]

Izumi then spoke out amid chaos.

[I believe that this is the necessary action to take. Maybe, as Ikeno suggested, if Beatle wasn't there, then we could capture the facility. But what about Harrison's researchers?]

Ikeno got *triggered* by Neito words.

[What heck are you trying to say?! Since we would have captured the facility, they have no other choice but to obey us!]

[I think you're mistaken. They may yield to us physically, but not mentally.]

As Neito continued, He once again felt that feeling. The feeling when he confronted Shigeta, and that time he decided to shoot down Dylan.

A Cold and Dark feeling enveloped him. The following words then came out.

[Won't they be waiting for Beatle to recue them?]

[!]

[A hero of justice always arrives late. We can't let them have their hopes up.

Everybody knows that.]

[We must entirely crush those hopes up and break their hearts. 5 will infiltrate the facility. Eliminate anyone who stands in the way, and then destroy the whole facility entirely. We will rob them of everything they have and take them as prisoners.]

[…You…]

Neito became the center of attention in the room.

[You know… not all opinions are appreciated in Metallica…]

Ikeno then started thinking of objections to Neito's Idea.

[In the current public's view, Metallica holds a lot of influence in society, but in the long run, is that influence going to last? You don't have to be on the side of justice in order for you to have control over the world. But, defeating that Justice would hold a lot of meaning in the public view, changing public opinion will ultimately lead to world domination. Metallica holds a lot of power now, but will never get the public's approval.]

[… and then?] /*Note: Not sure who said this, but it is either Neito or Izumi*/

[In other words, an Evil Organization can not be always an Evil Organization. We need to achieve our goals in the following years to gain public approval. Then we would be able convince the public that we are on their side. The case lays the same here. Harrison's research facility is not known in public and I doubt its whereabouts are not well known. If we go in quietly and peacefully, retrieve the data and materials, the matter would just be hushed up in secret. It would be passed down in the shadows and the matter would just slip away quietly. I believe it is important to have a good reputation in the eyes of the public]

/*Note: This was Ikeno's speech*/

Ikeno had the spotlight again in the room, the room became quiet at the persuasiveness of the speech.

[Who said that we need to go in a "quiet and peaceful" manner? In my experience, there is no policy that we, an Evil Organization, should abide by that… And that "Long run" you said, how many years would that take? 10 years?

100 years?](Note: Neito speaking)

[Why you…!]

Neito had no plans of backing down. He wasn't planning waiting. Much less go by "quiet and peaceful" methods.

[Instead of going for the uncertain method, I think we should crush every enemy one by one. It is the fastest and most effective way.]

He had no plans of containing the evil within him.

[Aren't we an Evil Organization?! What is wrong, with us doing evil things?!]

Neito banged his fists on the meeting's table. He knew he sounded crazy, but his instincts told him he was right.

[Why you little…]

The air around the room once again changed.

Everybody knew it when they entered the company. To have a better position in life… believing they can change the world… or because they had no other path to take. They were a bunch of people prepared to do evil in order for them to attain what they needed.

Neito's word had an effect on the room to a certain extent. Only Ikeno and Neito's words were heard throughout the room. Everybody else fell silent.

[… The plan you are suggesting has a point, but it is impossible to do in our current situation.]

Ikeno also wouldn't yield. Neito knew he had something up his sleeve.

[Impossible? Why?]

[By company regulations, if you go in with a small force of 5 people, in order for you to control the situation tightly, the main office set a rule that the other 3 must be accompanied be 2 other level 2 employees.]

Ikeno's words sounded firm and absolute. Neito evaluated the need for that regulation.

It is true that if there are people holding tremendous power in the scene, it would be easy to control the team and deal with any emergency situation.

Every Metallica employee has a level designated to them. Ever since Neito entered the company, he was level 1, while Ikeno was level 2.

[…]

[Do you think that there is a person that would go by your ridiculous plan? Even to let an opportunity where they could avoid danger?]

The room became quiet once again.

It wasn't because they wanted to avoid danger, I doubt. Everybody in the main Office must have seen the battlefield once or twice.

But, it was clear that Neito lost the argument today.

[…]

Should I just give up the idea…?

It was then Izumi spoke with a heavy tone.

[…ikeno-kun, Do you plan on appearing on the actual scene?]

[I am prepared to do so, but in this case, I have deemed it to be unnecessary.]

After receiving that response, Izumi took a deep breath and…

[…Is that so… Then, it cant be helped. Komori, I'm promoting you to level 2]

It all happened shockingly fast.

[Wha–?]

[Chief Izumi, are you serious?!]

[I authorize the promotion by the power vested upon me as a Department Chief.]

[Why would you go that far…?]

Participants of the meeting at once were making noise over the decision. It was an expected reaction I guess.

[Izumi-san….]

Neito was trying to figure out Izumi's real intention. But, if that was possible… if He could be on site then…

[Komori, I may not look like it, but I have high expectations of you. And I have gone through the same thing in the past. That's why, If you're insisting that much, I'm willing to do this for you]

Izumi was smiling. He didn't even look like an evil person. Neito didn't know what Izumi expected of him but, in the situation he was in, it was the greatest life boat he could have.

[Thank You Very Much!]

[But that doesn't leave you from your duties. Don't expect special treatment. But, I have a condition]

Izumi's suddenly became cold and dark. It was like he was a different person. Neito then felt the pressure. Its true that he cant always depend on this kind of kindness within the company.

Izumi's eyes pierced through Neito's mind. Neito was about to tremble in fear, but he held it in. He knew it wasn't going to be an easy condition. Everybody saw what was coming.

The room fell silent.

Izumi spoke care freely.

[I will promote you to level 2 and give you the authority to command the infiltration unit. I will give you 3 people from the General Affairs Department but…]

Neito heard the sound of saliva being swallowed.

[In addition to capturing the armor Harrison, I task you to defeat Beatle himself.]

Beatle, the Hero that wears the armor of science. As a member of the Rocks Organization, He possessed superhuman powers with the help of his suit.

Metallica was tasked to face him. In other words, prepare to die. Risk your life. Everybody knew that in the room.

The air stood still. Neito also stood still.

Challenging Beatle is like going to hell. But if He would accept the condition, it

still would be hell for him. He knew Metallica was not some kind of easy Organization to be in.

[… Are you still willing to do it?]

Neito wasn’t let the opportunity pass. He shook his fears, stood up and answered.

[Of couse.]

This time, He wasn’t going to let it end like the time he fought Dylan. He was in on his own volition, in order for him to achieve his goals. He was prepared to risk his life to triumph over the Hero of Justice.

Neito made his decision.

/*Discuss: Two chapters a week or go for a new project? Why?

Note: How was the translation? Give out suggestions in the comments so I can improve your experience. Cheers*/

We’re Beating Him Down. Let me Show you the Power of a Villain

/*Since you guys want 2 chapters a week, I’ll give you 2 chapters a week. My week starts at Wednesday btw…

Had to cut out some parts, it may not make sense, but you’ll get the idea*/

+Comments are in/*Example Comment*/Don’t mind them.

+Neito’s thoughts are *italicized*.

We’re Beating Him Down. Let me Show you the Power of a Villain

[So that’s Harrison’s research facility huh…?]

They were in the Kibuki prefecture, up in the isolated mountains. Neito lead the infiltration squad up the mountain at night, using the cover of darkness. They were getting closer to the facility.

The facility was among the mountain ravines, standing quietly. Neito and his squad looked at it on top of a cliff. The moon lighted the path of the soldiers of evil.

[I already explained the plan a while back but… are there any questions?]

Neito asked the guys from the General Affairs.

Neito didn’t know any of them. They were all wearing combat suits and showed a sense of nervousness.

There was one among them, for no apparent reason, stopped moving. He was calm and alert, unlike the others who were starting to get tense.

[Um…]

One guy then spoke out with a tense and trembling voice.

[Why is someone from the main office, taking part of this mission?]

It was a question of identity. Neito himself volunteered to do so. Usually, people in the Main Office only make plans for operations like this… They never had to go out in the field. He was, in their eyes, a rare person to go out like this.

[It's because, *Nate* had this idea!]

Anice, who was at Neito's side, replied happily and energetically.

Truthfully, He didn't want to bring Anice along but, she insisted [No! I want to come! I'm your assistant! I also want to see you fight! If you're going to fight, I have to be there with you!]

/*Anice's dialogue is far by the hardest to translate in this series. Had to cut out the tsundere part*/

And that's how she persuaded Neito with teary eyes. He had no choice but to bring her along.

Her hair today was straight, and in order for her to move more easily, she tied it in a ponytail.

Her white skin, blonde hair and her charming atmosphere were still gorgeous even in this situation. Her eyes were shining with glee.

[Did you know? Did you know? *Nate* is…]

[Could you pipe it down a little bit Anice?]

[I'm…I'm sorry]

Neito just wanted to warn her, but she took it as if he was scolding her. She acted like a small cute animal reconsidering her action, which in turn bothered Neito but He focused on the task at hand. He decided to answer the question asked of him.

[It is in order for us to raise the possibility of succeeding the mission, as well as keeping the loss we might have to a minimal. I wouldn't want to lose any of you guys from the General Affairs under my command. Hmm?]

After hearing his words, the guys from the General Affairs started making a commotion among them.

Maybe they think that they're just pawns meant to be used…

In reality, there were a lot of people who think like that when they're sent off to battle.

[I'm usually an on-site person. I somehow know what you are feeling right now.]

Neito wasn't lying. What he said was the truth. He was supposed to exterminate an enemy, but saying that wouldn't help.

Once again, they were a commotion among them.

[Until now, there was no person who would say such things to us…]/*Gen.Affair Guys*/

[Are you serious?]/* Gen.Affair Guys */

[Of course. If this mission goes well, I'll vouch in a special bonus for you guys.]

[Are…Are you serious?! Yahoo]/*No, not the Email, Yahoo as in celebrating*/

Neito was true to his word. If this battle goes well, that is, if he defeats Beatle, I'm sure his actions would be forgiven. But, if the mission fails, He dies.

[… You're a weird person, Mr. Main Office…]

The guy, who was quiet calm and was just listening to him, spoke out.

Since it was before mission, the guy didn't wear his visors. Neito could clearly see his face. He had a scar and an eye of a hawk which was sharp as a blade. He looked like he was in his 30s. Even as Neito commanding the squad, he looked stronger than Neito. He named himself as *Tsurugi.* /*Not sure if I should translate it to: Blade, or just let it be Tsurugi*/

[…Is that so… I'm just…]

[But this and that happens after we complete this mission. If we were decimated after the battle, you could just blow your lie away.]

Neito responded.

[… I plan on winning. There is a point I want to get across…]

[Hmm… I see… Then, let's see if your resolve is real…]

Tsurugi then fitted in his visors.

One minute until the plan commences. They were entering standby phase.

Neito closed his eyes.

[*Nate*? Are you Okay?]

Anice suddenly asked him so he opened his eyes.

Remember that feeling again. I can't be stopped. I'll keep on going. It's a clear straight line towards the top.

[… … Let's Move Out! Follow Me!]

A Cold and Dark Feeling enveloped him, fueling "that" drive within him.

[Here we Go!]

[U, Uu ooo oo oo!!!] /*IDK how to translate a battle cry…*/

Neito used the rope he prepared beforehand, to slide down directly onto the facility.

The others were late in the descent but they commenced their vertical descent after a while. Looking at it from below, Neito saw that is still had an impact. Unknown infiltrators were descending from the cliff, with their huge bodies and sinister intentions. He knew that the guys in his squad must have worked in Manual Labor.

His squad was composed of low level people from the General Affairs Department. When the mission starts, they wouldn't be allowed to talk and only follow his orders. In other words, Neito was the head and brain of the whole mission. Everything relied on him.

With a weight of 200 kilos, his squad landed a few meters away from him. One after the other, the sound of them landing echoed everywhere.

He knew that their bodies were firm, but falling from such height generated enough noise to warn Harrison's researchers of their arrival. A few minutes later, an alarm sounded of the entire facility.

He knew that they were preparing to intercept them. It was all within hypothesis.

If you looked at it, they were far superior to Beatle in terms of number. The plan was to showcase their sinister power to the enemy. Little tricks and resistance were futile meant nothing to them.

Neito equipped and activated his weapon, “Break-Blade”. It was a super oscillation type weapon.

Break-Blade could fire of faint light to resonate a low note.

[1]General Affair Combatants wore all black, giving off a sinister aura. In the middle, leading them was Neito, who ordered…

Normally, he wouldn’t have said anything like this… it was not in his character. Honestly, he was afraid to say it out loud but…

[We’re Beating Him Down. Let me Show you the Power of a Villain.]

/*

End Chapter jokes with Daikyun:

What’s the difference between a knife and my life?

A knife has a point.

Any Comments and Suggestions?

*/

Yo, Hero

/*Note:

+Comments are in/*Example Comment*/Don’t mind them.

+Neito’s thoughts are italicized.

*/

Yo, Hero

The offence on Harrison’s research facility dragged on to a melee battle. It was very clear that it was a civilian facility because the resistance was small coming from the research personnel. They were equipped with basic arms and didn’t pose much threat.

What bothered them most were the robots made with the power of science. They were humanoid type robots that were equipped with rifles with rubber bullets, and a huge and heavy police baton. They arrived wave after wave, and as the battle raged on, the sounds of motor and gears clashing became more prominent.

Everybody was busy trying to push them off. As more came, the shutters began closing. Neito advanced in hopes of destroying the shutters.

/*protective shutter in order to shelter the personnel*/

[Uu ooo ooo!!!]

[Take this you piece of scrap metal!]

Everybody fought hard and had an individual battle raging on. Among the combatants, a few people stood out.

[Gaaaaaaaa –!!!!] /*Idk how to translate the sounds of battle…*/

Their raw power can’t be stopped. It was useless stopping demons from going on a rampage. They sent each robot flying off their heels and advanced boldly.

/* Demons, cuz they’re evil and forceful*/

Blade shouted.

[Do you think such simple machines would stop me?!]

He was equipped with a traditional Japanese Katana. He easily dodged the rubber bullets and split a robot's head in half as if he was cutting through cloth. Striking once again, he split the robot's body in half.

[Take this! And this! And this!]

/*Once again, I don't know how to translate this part. I just substituted the words to what he would likely say this situation in English.*/

Anice, Neito's assistant, was unparalleled in terms of firepower. She was equipped with a miniature version of a rail gun, and her rate of fire was decimating the enemies while providing support from the backlines.

She sounded weird while firing the gun, but her movements were so graceful, that Neito couldn't help but admire her.

Amid all chaos and yellow gunfire in the battle, Neito fought with all his strength.

[Daa aa aaa aaa!]

Neito was proficient in dodging the bullets. Nothing fired from a long distance could match his speed.

Their armor was bullet proof from the rubber bullets. He relied on this advantage to advance close to the enemy and thrust his blade.

Of course it hurt. It may be bullet proof, but the force of impact could still be felt within. Even though it hurt, he wasn't planning on letting go of his blade. Until the Oscillation wave destroys the enemy, he wouldn't let it go. He held on to his weapon tightly. The robot reached for its Police baton and started pounding his left shoulder. He still didn't let go.

[Hurry up and die already! Daaa aa aaa!]

The robot soldier gave out a huge clank, and then stopped moving. Neito confirmed that the system got shut down, then proceeded to remove his blade.

[…Haa…haa… Next!]

They struggled for a while but they managed to end the melee battle. In the

first place, they had a huge advantage if “He” wasn’t here. They managed to subdue the robot soldiers and got through the shutters where the researchers and personnel were hiding. They took them into their custody and gagged them with cloth in their mouth. They then went on to destroy the entire facility throughout.

[…Anice, can you give out the command to destroy the facility?]

As his breathing got heavier, Neito left Anice in command.

[Sure… But why? Are you sure you don’t want to do it?]

Anice was catching her breath while asking Neito.

I guess it was expected from a tough bred person to have this much stamina…

[I need time to prepare for something…]

He needs to hurry. He needed to finish preparations before Beatle arrives.

Neito entered [Preparation Phase] alone and remained the same for a few minutes. He went to the open square where they secured the researchers, and entered standby phase. He acted like a commander and sat down on a chair.

[…Do you think He is coming?]

Blade asked Neito.

He knew that Beatle was supposed to be in another location. Even if He got the news that this place was attacked, there is still some distance to travel. But,

[He’s coming. I’m sure of it.]

Neito affirmed.

No matter how tiring it is, now matter how far he is, he knew Beatle was coming. Beatle, the Hero was coming.

Even though they were enemies, Neito believed in the Heroes. He believed in their courage. The courage he once adored as a kid, but now, they were enemies.

[!]

A loud sound echoed within the facility. The sound came from near the

entrance. They suspected that it was the sound of the barricade they set up being destroyed.

[I told you so.]

Within a few second after the sound, a hero appeared in the square they were in.

The shoulder booster that was equipped was in full power. It was a terrifying display of speed and power.

Air was gushing out under his feet. It seems that he was hovering.

Hmm… As I thought, He looks so cool. Unlike Dylan, he has this metallic feel with him with a touch of simplicity…

[… What have you done…]

His voice of lamenting… sounds young…

He got angry after seeing that the facility he was associated with, was destroyed.

[… I can't forgive you for this…]

Beatle's suit glowed in golden color and gave off a sound. similar to an aircraft taking off, near his feet. No doubt he was still young. While sitting on the chair, Neito rearranged himself. People were staring at him and at Beatle. He was at the center trying to make a laugh out of the situation.

He looked like a villain while doing it, but it was part of the play in hopes of crushing the researchers' hope of being saved, and to boost the morale of his comrades.

[Yo, Hero. You're late…]

Neito hid his emotion behind a mask. He hid the fact that; he was all beaten up and tired from the fight, he feared fighting a super human enemy enraged by their actions, he needs to fight in order for his squad to be saved, and he was nervous in facing this hero all alone.

He said it in an Evil tone.

/*

End chapter thoughts with Daikyun:

When two people kiss…

They create a really long tube with assholes on both ends.

Any Comments or Suggestions?

*/

He Really was a Strong Man.

/* Sorry for the late update

+Comments are in/*Example Comment*/don't mind them.

+Neito's thoughts are *italicized*.

*/

He Really Was Strong

[Wait for me. I' m going to save everybody.]

As Beatle said it, his thrusters revved up to full power while Beatle himself took up his battle stance. His eye cameras "Twin Eyes" gleamed in light and his horn, (a beatle's horn, from which his name originated) attached to his head protector was dyed in gold.

Neito provoked Beatle in a hateful tone.

[Are you going to fight? Do you really think you can win against me?]

Neito knew that it wasn't part of his character to say something like that, but he made it as realistic as possible. His heart said so otherwise.

It was expected of Beatle, not moving a single flinch and drawing back from a battle, this hero who protects society, He's truly admirable.

[You'll fight? Good. I'll take you on.]

I have no plan on holding back. I'm going to defeat you and move forward.

[Here I come!]

Beatle's thrusters fired up and released a blast of air under his foot and aimed directly at Neito.

[… … Do it.]

Neito gave the order to fire. 3 demons fired a claw like blow to the path Beatle was heading for. /*As mentioned in the previous chapter, they looked like black

demons attacking from the facility since they're evil and all.*/

[Ha—aa — !!]

Beatle took a hit to an arm. The 3 infiltrators used their weight and pulled Beatle in.

In no time, Neito gave an order to his squad.

[Now is the time. To those with a ranged weapon, fire all together at once.]

[Aye Aye Sir!]

The first to respond was Anice. She fired at an unimaginable speed while seemingly looking innocent.

The others followed her lead and started shooting. Bullets were whizzing around Beatle.

[It's pointless!]

The attack didn't affect Beatle a single bit. He deployed a barrier from his horn and stopped every bullet that came his way.

As expected of someone who brought down many villains. Numbers don't mean anything to him.

[Hmm… it is as one would expect.]

Neito looked confident and calm but inside; he was in a state of shock.

Dylan was strong… But this guy is on a whole new level. It would be illogical if a normal person could beat him… But I can't just surrender.

[You're kidding me right? After all that attack…]

[He's a monster… There's no way we could win…]

[We're going to get killed… Me.. everybody is!]

General Affair guys started running away. It can't be helped. They must have felt what he felt when he first experienced Dylan's strength up front.

But He didn't plan on backing off.

Neito stood up from his chair and raised his blade.

[Don’t falter! We are Metallica! A proud Evil Organization!

Beatle just finished a separate mission before coming here. His energy supply must be low. Continue attacking throughout!]

The only chance of winning was exploiting that point.

Beatle must have used up a sufficient amount of energy before coming here. He also needs energy to deploy his barrier.

Different from the other Guardians, Beatle’s armor needs energy from an external source. They must have known the risk of running out of energy.

Their attacks weren’t effective but, they weren’t entirely pointless. They have 3 guys pulling him in the front while the others supported them by cover fire. At least they succeeded in stopping Beatle’s advance.

They were busy stopping Beatle in his tracks. And it wasn’t like they had limitless bullets. But if this goes on, they’ll have the disadvantage.

[Fire! Fire! Fire! Keep firing! We have sufficient enough bullets!]

Neito got into the mood.

[U oo oo oo!!!]

Somehow he managed to pull his spirits back together and resumed attacking.

[… Curse you!… using such dirty tricks…]

It was then…

[Beatle! The new energy crystal is the Research Lab B! Hurry and exchange parts and… Defeat Metallica!]

[Wha–!?]

Neito turned around.

One of the researchers managed to free himself and inform Beatle. They didn’t tie him securely enough. He held a gun pointing to one from the General Affairs. He risked his life just to inform Beatle.

[Understood! Wait for me! I’m going to save you all!]

Beatle reversed his thrust and headed off to the Lab. After acquiring the info,

he darted of as fast his thrusters' could carry him.

[Damn it! I won't let you… we're following him!]

Neito gave out the order and then proceeded to the direction Beatle was headed.

Beatle was too fast. Their bare foot movements were no match for His hovering and thrusters.

Arriving in Research Lad B, they saw Beatle acquiring the Energy Crystal.

[You're too late, Evil Beings.]

Beatle turned the situation upside down.

Anice asked in a weak hearted voice.

[*Nate! Beatle has the Crystal!… What should we do?…]*

She knew that if they lost the battle, they were done for.

I'm sorry Anice… I'm not as strong as you think I am… Are you disappointed?

[Tschh… Do Heroes of Justice always have good luck?…]

[If there is such a thing as Fate, it will never take on the side of Evil. Here I come, Metallica! This is where the real fight starts!]

Beatle opened a compartment in his abdomen and exchanged the old and inserted the crystal.

Neito shouted.

[Stop!!!]

Beatle shouted in a victorious tone.

[Charge – On!]

The next moment, The armor emitted a strong light and the sound of it activating echoed off the room… But it didn't happen.

[What! Why…!?]

Beatle's armor lost its light. He immediately fell into his knees. The sounds of motor, the sound of his thrusters… just disappeared.

[Ha Ha Ha Ha… This is a masterpiece.]

Neito clapped his hands while sneering at Beatle.

[What… does this mean?…]

[Don't you understand? The Crystal you inserted was a Crystal used to stop functions and movements from the outside.]

Neito produced a sinister laugh.

[Of course, it is standard for any machine to have a device that stops it in case it went haywire.]

During that time, Neito couldn't see Beatle's face under his helmet but, he knew Beatle was bewildered by what just happened.

[But my companion said…]

Your companion informed you even if it would cost his life?

Neito couldn't help but give of a grin. It was just too good for him.

[Ha Ha Ha ha. You still don't get it, don't you? You're so thick, Fine, I'll tell you what it means.

That was just a lie. I knew where they kept the device that could stop a prototype in case it went out of control. I just passed down that info onto you. I had it intentionally let his mouth gag be loose in order for him to inform you.]

[You fiend…]

[It was really simple… I just threatened him, saying that he'll get a bullet unless he "Risked his life" to give you the information. I knew you would confide in your companions and would rush to get the device. He just sold out a Hero of Justice. I guess that's cruel of him huh? Ha Ha Ha Ha!]

[You piece of… You were the one who threatened him! He has no fault!]

Beatle's armor was just dead weight without energy. Without being able to change and replenish his energy, his boosters and thrusters were useless. With a weight of a few hundred kilos, he wasn't able to stand back up.

Neito smiled and activated his Break-Blade while walking towards Beatle.

[… Wo, Wow….]

His Squad was too impressed, having witness such Evil committed before their eyes.

[… Is that all you have to say Beatle? I am Metallica. There is nothing wrong with me doing wrong things] /*This sounds better in Japanese*/

[! … … At least! At least spare the researchers and personnel. They followed you without question right?]

[… … Including the one who gave you false information?]

[Of course.]

[… … I understand. I'll at least spare their lives. But, if you put up a fight or try to resist us, there won't be any guarantee that I won't kill them. It is obvious, but we need to destroy the armor you're wearing.]

[… … You better keep your promise.]

[… … Nobody knows…]

After the conversation ended, Neito turned to Beatle who was kneeling down. He held up his blade and stroke Beatle's helmet.

There was a cracking sound, followed by a loud vibration. After the two sounds echoed, Beatle's Armor cracked, and started shattering from head to toe.

[Hmm… you're young as I thought.]

Inside the cracked armor showed a young guy, fainted from the strike.

[Huh–… and that is the end of this guy. With us capturing and securing the researchers, they won't be able to create another "BeatleArmor". This guy can't do anything to us now. In addition to that, the researchers' won't be fighting back, seeing their Hero defeated, and knowing that there's a traitor among them. They have no choice but to obey us.]

Neito used all of his power and stamina in the battle. He staggered.

[Are you Okay Mr. Main Office?]

Blade immediately came to his aid and gave him a shoulder.

[… Yeah, I just need a little rest and I'll e fine.]

Neito somehow managed a response.

[We really did win huh? You're one hell of a guy. Was Beatle weaker than you expected?]

[… …]

It was no such thing… He was strong. He really was a strong guy.

He didn't have anything towards the guy who betrayed him. Even before he fainted, he secured his companion's lives above his life. Those words were strong enough on their own. As a defender of society, he really was an admirable guy.

[… … He really was a strong guy. Beatle really was a strong guy.]

He was a fine, noble and admirable person. In opposite to that, I defeated him using dirty tricks. I won't regret my actions. But I will abide by the promise I made.

[… … You really are a weird one…]

[Never mind that… is everybody okay? Are they safe?]

Although Neito was disoriented, He needed to confirm.

[Yeah, everybody only sustained a minor injury. There were no deaths.]

[Hahaha… That's good… really good…]

Damn… I'm too tired. Is it okay for me to pass out here?

[*Naate! !* You were amazing ! So that's how you fight ! Anice is so thrilled right now !]

After completing the first phase, Anice rushed to him. Her white cheeks were red from the excitement. Her voice was unnecessarily too excited with a serious air.

[… … Well…umm… that's why I told you that I'm not that stro–…]

[No, that's no such thing. You were really cool back there!]

Hearing it from someone who was raised in California, and a daughter of an

Evil Boss with straight way expressing it felt weird to Neito.

[Hey–]

Without warning, Anice hugged Neito. She was more slender and delicate than expected, He felt her Chest push his.

He panicked.

[… … Wait a… …]

[? … … Hmmm? You really can't be helped *Nate*… Fufufu…]

[… …Sto–… Stop–]

Neito who took more damage than anybody, lost to her tenderness, and fell asleep.

/*

There's actually an Authors note in the End but it means nothing to you guys except, it tells of what's going to happen in the following chapters. If you want to read it here it is: "Neito is the main character of the story and I have written "What is good for Him". His motivation to conquer the world, to change the world, is coming out in the following chapters. It is quite obvious, but I will just point it out for the readers."

End Chapter Thoughts with Daikyun:

If our ass was split horizontally, it would clap when we run down the stairs.

Comments and Suggestions are really appreciated

*/

Oden or Something

Oden, or Something

A quiet room existed in the Main Office.

People call it “The Boss’ Room”. Within it, a man sat down in a stylish chair.

He may be old, but he was the symbol of the Organization he headed. Behind him were steel wings framed neatly.

He reviewed the documents presented before him.

The documents contained the records of his subordinates. He was scanning through the documents, dividing them left and right.

[Hou…]

The man stopped.

Komori Neito :

April 2213 – Entered the company as a volunteer. Assigned to the General Affairs Department.

August 2213 – Moved to the Second Sales Department.

October 2213 – Promoted to Core level 2

Business Ability: C | Battle Ability: D | Adaptability: Uninspected | Commanding Capability: C+ Special Skill Evaluation: E | Overall Score/Evaluation: D

In charge of Evaluation on Findings Section.

After experiencing a battle with the Hero Dylan, moved to the Second Sales Department. Had a great evaluation result within the Sales Department. Was in charge of planning an offence to capture the Harrison research facility with Ikeno. Took command of a unit and contributed with the destruction of Beatle. May be impulsive in certain times. Received high approval from the squad He led. Proves to have potential. Received high expectations from His superiors.

/*I know, I know… these things should be in bullet form. I'm just following the format of the author… and it's not my job. */

Special Note: Has Anice Jairus as his assistant, as part of the inter-employee exchange program between Metallica and Crimson. Treat with caution.

[Ah… that brat from that time…]

The man put Neito's document on his right, and scanned the next document.

Ikeno Reiji:

April 2113 – Entered the company through the American Selection Test Specialized in Management. Assigned to the Planning Department. Was experienced enough to be promoted to Core level 2.

September 2113 – Promoted to Core level 3.

Business Ability: A | Battle Ability: B | Adaptability: A | Commanding Capability: A | Special Skill *Evaluation: A | Overall Score*Evaluation: A.

/*Sigh… here we go again…*/

In charge of management.

Demonstrated proficiency in management ever since He entered the company. Has high battle management and decisive skill, and was in charge of multiple operations. Has high battle capabilities and can quickly adapt if sent to the front lines with high vitality. The Planning Department's Ace. Gained honors in planning the offensive against Beatle.

Special Note: Had relations with Kagawa from General Affairs, Hirasawa from Accounting. In a relationship with Chelsea from R&D.

[Hmm. He is a well-made man. He's someone who is fits the description of a Hero.]

The man set Ikeno's document to his left.

[Let's see whose next… HouHou-She quite a beauty…]

Mayuzumi Maki:

April 2113 – Entered the company through the American Selection Test Specializing in Development. Assigned to the General Affairs Department.

Business Ability: B| Battle Ability: E |Adaptability: C |Commanding Capability: D | Special Ability Evaluation: A Assigned to the Management section.

Although assigned to the General Affairs (G.A) Department, She works hard either way. She is calm and gentle, and is popular within the company. She is young compared to her Coworkers, but is very sociable. Her Business Capabilities are on the passing mark. She hopes to be reassigned to the R&D Department, wanting to use her skills acquired in M.I.T as soon as possible.

Special Notes: She is Half Sapas (Mother's Side). She plans to submit an entry on next year's Remodeling Project Competition.

/*not sure what *Sapas means* when translated … I'll just go with it*/

[Hm Hm… She goes… on my left. She is a beauty after all. It can't be helped if she gets favored.]

After the Harrison Offensive, Neito passed out and was confined to bed for 2 days. He was very nervous on the day he would come back to the office.

/*Assume that the facility is named Harrison, it does manufacture and research Beatle's "Harrison" armor after all*/

He nervously entered the Second Sales Department. Anice jumped at him.

[*Nate! !* Are you feeling well now? I've been waiting for You!]

[Oh… yeah…]

Her smile was beautiful as usual.

He had a feeling the she was too inspired by the foul methods He used in defeating Beatle. He already had this feeling when she came to see him the other day.

Neito's usual thoughts:

Oh shit… If the Crimson's Boss hears anything about me…

Didn't pop up today… He wouldn't deny that he was happy by his accomplishment. But he wouldn't express it in public. Because He thought he would look really creepy doing so.

Neito thought of apologizing to people he caused trouble by his absence. He

started off to Izumi.

[Good Morning Chief. I-I may have caused you trouble by being absent. I'm sorry.]

[Oh, it's fine since you're fully recovered. You really did well. And as promised, You captured the Harrison facility, and brought down Beatle. You really are something. It was worth it promoting you. Thank you.]

Izumi was smiling, unlike the person he saw a while back during the meeting. It was if he was a different person.

[Tha-Thank you very much. It was because you supported me back then, that I was able to do this much.]

It was the truth. If Neito messed up, Izumi wouldn't have gotten off the hook easily.

But He believed in Me and pushed me to my limits. This usual, humble man risked his career for me.

Neito felt the approval of his superiors for the first time.

[Everybody eyes here. Although the credit goes to the Planning Department, We can't deny Komori-kun's effort in bringing the plan to a success. Let us congratulate him]

[You did well, Komori.]

[That was a miracle.]

[I really thought that you were going to die!]

[You really showed them your willpower to rise up from the G.A Department.]

[Promoted to Level 2 huh? I guess I'll be lining behind you huh?]

His coworkers gave out a round of applause and their own words towards his success.

[… … Thank you very much. I was able to do well because of Chief Izumi and your guidance. I'll keep doing my best.]

It was the only thing he could say at that moment. He was about to cry from the joy.

Of course He knew. He knew that if he was defeated, He would be evicted out of the company. They would've put all the blame on Izumi, putting him into shame. Even though his actions /*of defeating Beatle*/were not accepted by society, He was just about to cry.

After that, he decided to finish some paperwork. The day dragged on to night.

[Good work today… aren't you going to finish up?]

[Ah, well… I still haven't finished my written report so…]

[Do you want help?]

[No… This is the last so…]

One by one, the staff left the office and went home. Neito remained working alone in the office.

After 3 working hours, he almost finished his report. He had no working experience in this field, so it was obvious, that he took 3 times longer to finish his work.

[Ah… I'm so tired. I can't do it anymore….]

Neito was talking to himself, but as he locked the Sales Department's door, He saw a figure outside.

[Woah… … You-you scared me…. Maki-san?]

Maki, whom he took the entrance exam together, was standing in front of him. It really was a long time since they met again. The only time they got to actually speak with each other was in the hospital room after Neito got hospitalized. Although he moved to the main office, he still caught a glimpse of her, but they never had the chance to talk to each other.

He thought of starting a conversation with her, but he thought that, maybe he would be a bother to her or yet, he might say some weird things. The other reason was, maybe she was too busy for him to enter her life.

[I-I'm sorry… U-Ummm… Good Work Today…] /*She definitely a shy-dere idk the exact word.*/

Maki noticed Neito, and displayed a sense of panic. She wore a white sweater and a skirt today. She was fondling her skirt as if she was bothered by something.

[? Good work too… Is something bothering you? Why are you here at the Sales Department…?]

[No, but… …]

[Ah, did you want something from me? Were there any defect in our goods?]

[That-That's not it!] /*how do I make this part cute?*/

[?? It's getting late and I really want to go home…]

[Umm…Wait!]

[Wha-What?]

[Neito-kun, it's been a while since you moved to this department… It wouldn't hurt to see me once in a while would it?]

She replied in an upset tone.

[I tried coming here multiple times, but you weren't here.]

Maki showed a face of dissatisfaction.

[I-I'm sorry. A lot has happened ever since…]

Neito was bewildered. He never thought of it that way. As fellow coworkers who entered the company together, they always need to get in touch with each other?… Neito wasn't familiar with such things.

[I really was worried about you…]

Maki stared Neito in the eyes. He was used to Anice doing it, but he still wasn't used to speaking with other girls.

[Ah…I'm Sorry. Well, Let's—Ummm…]

Neito was in a state of confusion. Maki, looking at him, laughed for a while.

Thank god she wasn't mad at me for real…

[Ha ha ha. That's enough. It's just a joke… Anyway, will you join me for dinner?]

That escalated quickly.

[Wait… were you waiting for me the whole time?]

[… … Yes…. I rather not have you ask that question.]

[You could've called me out]

[… … but you looked so serious. I couldn't just interrupt you. I didn't know you could make that kind of face, Neito-kun]

Neito didn't understand her one bit.

*stares at Neito

[Aa! I heard about it! You accomplished such a great feat! That's the reason! We'll go celebrate!]

[Aa—I see. Should we also invite Ikeno? Do you know his contact details?]

[Aa—well Ikeno… is with his department celebrating their victory.]

[I see…]

If he remembered, Izumi also told him that the credit for their victory went to the Planning Department. It can't be helped either way. They were the ones who planned the assault anyway. It seems when Neito was resting, Ikeno's achievements got spread throughout the company.

It figures. What did expect from that guy?

[I think you need to be recognized more.]

[Hm? No no no. There's no need for that. Besides, I really don't care about such things…]

[Well… that's that. How about it? Do you want to celebrate with just the two of us?]

[…]

[Is it… not good enough?]

That wasn't the case. He was just glad someone invited him. He was deeply

moved by the invitation, that couldn't give out a reply for a moment.

This girl is really kind. And as usual, she's cute as ever. She's so pure and innocent, you wouldn't say that she's from and Evil Organization. Just walking with her makes my nose bleed, Now what if we ate together? Would I be able to hold out? What's so interesting about me anyway? Why does she always come to me?

Neito wasn't stupid enough to refuse her offer.

[No No No. Let's go! Thanks. I really appreciate the offer.]

Maki's face brightened up as soon as Neito answered. She looked like a flower blooming in the spring.

Before He noticed, His heart rate was going up, and he began to sweat nervously.

[Yeah! Thank god. Shall we go? What do you want to eat Neito-kun?]

He thought for a while.

What does a girl even like to eat? Do we need to go to a fancy restaurant? Shit, This month's salary is about to run out. My salary is too low even for a simply office worker…

Neito got lost in his thoughts for a while. His head began blanking out.

[… Oden… Or something…]

[Hmm… Oden?]

[Is it a bad idea?]

[That's no such thing! I really like radishes!]

Wow, I also like radishes…

After hearing her words, Neito felt relieved.

Is this what it feels to be healed emotionally?

/*

End Chapter thoughts with Daikyun:

If tomato is a fruit, Ketchup must be a jam…

In your opinion, what Anime/Manga character interprets Anice & Maki's attitude?

*/

It’s Delicious. Really.

It’s Delicious. Really

[One Shochu and a boiled egg please.]

In the end, Neito went on the usual Oden shop he always goes to.

It was a cheap shop, up by a guard railing, but there were no other places he could of. Anyway, Maki was a asking him to [Bring me to the place where you usually eat!]

And he had no choice but to submit to her request because she was too polite in suggesting her request.

On the other hand, This Oden shop was pretty good. While being an Oden shop, the place also serves ordinary food served in diners, such as *Menchikatsu* or *Potato salad*.

Although the owner has a scar on his face and looks like a *yakuza*, he really was a kind and generous person.

[Here you go, young man. You brought yourself a really cute lady with you today… Is this your…]

[Give me a break Owner… She’s just my coworker. If you indicate it that way, wouldn’t that be rude?]

Neito replied jokingly to the shop owner while pouring Shochu into their cups. He took a glance at Maki.

Oh shit, what if she takes this seriously

[No! no no! I’m totally fine with it. Really!]

Maki shook her hands in denial.

She really is a nice person.

[Hahaha. What will you be having Miss?]

[Aa, Umm—I’ll have broiled radish first…]

[Coming right up…]

After a while, a hot piping Oden was served to her. They were the only costumers in the shop. *Maybe the shop isn't successful because of the Owner's face…*

They made a toast and started eating.

[Wow. It really does look delicious. Thanks for the meal! A – ha Fu—fu—]

/*this is supposed to be Maki blowing her Oden…*/

After swallowing, she showed a face of delight while blowing for another. Neito couldn't help but look at her.

[??… What are you looking at…? Aa! Is there something in my face?!]

[No… well… Is it good?]

[It's really good!]

[I agree. It's kind of dirty but this is really a good store.]

[Well, I'm sorry that it's that dirty. Here, it's on the house]

/*The Owner replied in a sarcastic tone*/

[Thank you very much]

Two of them sat in the old shop eating Oden. It wasn't a while when they finally got comfortable enough to talk to each other.

[Did you know that you're the 3rd person to have a meal with me in my entire life?]

[Hmm? I-Is that so?]

[Yeah. The first two were a Senpai from Metallica and a High School friend a while back.]

[Is that so…]

[Neito-kun, what do you usually do on your day off?]

[Hmm. Well, I train by myself. Other than that, I just withdraw from society for a while. What about you?]

[Wow! training by yourself is quite impressive. Me? Well, I'm very free on that day so I usually read a book or take a walk.]

[You're like an intellectual type… Oh yeah, you said you have a college degree right? Was it from Masa-Massachusetts? You're younger than me, but you have a college degree… that's really impressive. What kind of degree did you earn?]

[Umm… Biology… and Umm… Engineering]

[Whoa-that's impressive]

[I-It's no big deal, really. You're more impressive than me, accomplishing so much in your first year in the company. Oh, by the way, once again congratulations on your victory]

It wasn't as grand as a usual celebration party would go, but Neito had fun. Somehow, He felt Maki was also having fun.

She looked a little drunk; her cheeks were pink from the alcohol. Even so, she looked beautiful as usual.

[Hmm—Did you do something good?]

The store owner sometimes joins his costumer's conversations, but he knows his place. He asks them discreetly and knows when to ask.

[That's right! Neito-kun was amazing!]

[Is that so? I hope you continue to be successful in your career.]

The shop owner then brought another serving of Shochu and poured it in for him. It was different kind this time. It was a more expensive kind of Shochu this time.

[Owner… what is–]

[It's to the future of your career! It's on the house]

Neito didn't think of it badly, but having expectations on him was too much, even for him.

[Hahaha… but I'm just a regular office worker so…]

He reached out for tea, but Maki looked at him.

[What are you saying?! That has nothing to do with it. I know you have potential within you]

He purposely asked the owner to serve not too alcoholic drinks to Maki in order for her not to be drunk, but tension began to rise in the shop.

[You're quite famous within a part of the company. "We're an Evil Organization! What's wrong with us doing Evil Deeds?" you sounded really cool back then.]

She sounded of to imitate him; she looked really cute doing so. She didn't even sound like him.

Neito laughed without noticing. It was too embarrassing for him, so he decided to change the topic.

[By the way, why did you join Metallica?]

It bothered him ever since they took the entrance exam together.

He knew Ikeno's motives. He was a kind of person who desired knowledge, he wanted power, which Metallica could supply him easily. Maki on the other hand, didn't look that way.

[…]

Maki fell silent.

Shit, I must have hit on something personal.

Neito was about to apologize, but Maki straightened her face, as if she decided something, and replied Neito's question.

[… I'm half Sapas… My mother was a Sapas…]

The air in the shop suddenly stood still. Silence rang out. He didn't know if the Shop owner heard her, but he was deep in the shop. /*Shop owner was in the shop out of visual range*/

Sapas. They were commonly known throughout the world as "The fallen Evil Organization". In reality, the word was to describe a race. Their race evolved differently from normal human beings, and they were considered aborigines.

Other than possessing high intellectual ability, they were no different from

normal beings. They existed even before the current civilization was built, and they entered a Cold Sleep for a long period of time. /*Cold Sleep = Hibernation? */

They awakened to the present world, amazed at the change that happened. Even so, their intellectual capabilities were unmatched throughout the passage of time. They soon forged an alliance prompting coexistence between normal human beings and their race.

There were extremist within them, called “The Black Sapas”, who believed that they were the superior race, and they should be in charge of the world. So They declared a war against the rest of humanity.

A battle between the “Black Sapas” and Guardians raged on for many years but eventually, the Guardians won and the “Black Sapas” were defeated.

Sapas’ who weren’t “Black” hid in the corner of the world avoiding public eye and humiliation. They weren’t granted any rights.

There’s no imagining what kind of treatment they had been through…

[… My mother wasn’t a Black Sapas. She met my father and lived a normal life, until I was 8. Guardians took her, and that was the last we saw of her…]

[… I see…]

Neito understood her. He once experienced a similar situation.

[… It’s not like I wanted revenge but…]

Neito somehow understood her. He was sure the she really wanted to change the world. She wanted to create a world where Mothers aren’t taken from her child with no reason.

He just couldn’t agree with her. Without the Evil Organization, the world would’ve been at peace. He was sure many people wanted it to remain that way. Many people would like to preserve that peace, that’s why Rocks and Guardians exist.

She doesn’t care how many years it would take to change the world, but she chose to join Metallica other than go down another path to change the world. Rocks or Metallica? Which side was on the side of justice? The answer was very

obvious.

[… … I'm really a bad person after all… I kept it from you that I'm a Sapas… I'm sorry. You're the first one I've told my secret to…]

Maki was trembling. Her shoulders were shaking a little bit.

That's no such thing… You aren't a bad person

He couldn't say it out loud. It would sound like a white lie.

Neito didn't want to lie to her. So he did something out of the ordinary. He pat her head.

He didn't know if she would be grossed out by him actions, but it was the only thing he could think of to comfort her.

[I don't care if you're a Sapas. If we were to compare, I think I would turn out to be more evil than you…]

Maki raised her head, looking surprised.

[Let's change the world… together…]

Neito couldn't say it out good, but He managed to get his thoughts across.

Even evil can't accept who you are, but I'm different. I won't deny who you are. I'll always fight. With my friends, you, together.

[… … yeah]

Maki raised her face. Her eyes were wet, but they weren't from crying.

[Here, it's on the house.]

The shop owner came back in the perfect timing, bringing in two cups of tea with him.

[M-Malt Tea?]

[It's today's special]

The cup gave off a delicious smell.

[Maki-san, you should try their tea. It's really delicious. Although it's just service tea]

Neito beamed her in a cheerful tone.

[But That doesn't mean that you need to go… This isn't Kyoto after all.]

The shop Owner laughed after remarking so. Despite his evil look, he remarked in a cheerful and playful way. Maki laughed happily.

[Yes… Thank you…] /*This part is supposed to be *Ittadakimasu*

[Thank you for the offer] but It's weird in a English translation, so I changed it */

The two of them drank in silence.

Damn, it's really good.

Looking at his side, Maki was crying while drinking.

[It's Delicious. Really…]

She's the cutest thing I ever looked at.

The shop Owner stepped out and lit a smoke.

After eating Maki told him.

[Haa—That was really delicious … Neito-kun…]

[Hmm?]

[I'll be in your care from now on. Let's change the world together.]

Her face brightened up. Neito replied

[Of course]

I'll continue fighting. But you opened my eyes. I'm not alone in this fight.

/*

Bacon causes cancer.

*/.